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# THE ANGLO-INDIAN PRIZE POEMS

ON THE

# ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA

808.81
Ang/Ang
46569

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THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
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ANGLO-INDIAN PRIZE POEMS

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# ANGLO-INDIAN

# PRIZE POEMS,

BY

NATIVE AND ENGLISH WRITERS

IN COMMEMORATION OF

THE VISIT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

## THE PRINCE OF WALES

TO INDIA.

46569

PUBLISHED FOR

THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY,

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# PREFACE.

Before the departure of the Prince of Wales for India, it became evident that the visit of His Royal Highness would greatly excite the Oriental imagination, and that many poems would be composed in his honour. Foreseeing that these compositions would prove interesting, not only on account of their peculiar Oriental character, but also as spontaneous expressions of the sentiments and feelings of the educated classes in India towards the Royal Family, it was thought desirable to offer prizes to the extent of One Hundred Guineas for a limited number of the best poems, in English or in any Indian language, upon the subject of The Royal Visit. To accomplish this the Proprietor of The Crown Perfumery Company of London took the initiative, and his offer was extensively announced in this country and throughout Hindustan. The result is that over one hundred and fifty poems have been received—more than one-third of the number from Indian authors—in Hindustani, Telugu, Tamil, Bengali, Sanskrit, Gujerati, Mahratti, Hindi, etc. It may be added that these poems have been written by Indian Portuguese, Native Christians, Brahmans, Sudras, Rajpoots, Mahommedans, and various types

of Hindú castes, and also by Parsees and Eurasians. A few of the Indian poems are in English, and it is a fact worthy of note that two Indian prizes awarded for them were taken by English poems written by natives of India. The verses of Mr. Chuteesh Chunder Dutt and Mr. Ram Shorma will be read with interest. Among the four other Indian poems in this volume, two are published both in the original and in the English translations, precisely as furnished by the writers themselves. The remaining are the two in Sanskrit and Hindustani respectively, portions of which have already appeared in *The Athenæum*, in which the Prince of Wales is spoken of as a veritable Deity. Of the English compositions it is not necessary to speak. All the poems published in this volume have received either prizes or honourable mention. The prizes have been adjudged, as previously announced, by an eminent body of competent scholars, and the poems are printed—though not in the order of the awards—as nearly as possible, both in the originals and translations, in the precise forms in which they were furnished by the writers. The book is offered without pretension, and must be judged by its merits. It is hoped that it may be kindly received as a pleasing souvenir of one of the most interesting events of our day.

W. S. THOMSON.

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ANGLO-INDIAN PRIZE POEMS.

# WELCOME

TO

# THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BY

CHUTTESH CHUNDER DUTT,

OF CALCUTTA.

# POEM.

I.

Why sends Britannia her eldest son
To India's distant shore,
Braving the dangers and the storms
Behind him and before?
Daring on seas the elemental strife,
Daring on land the Syad's knife —
What comes he to explore?

II.

Is it because the Russian's foot
Is nearer to Cabool?
Is it because the Persian proud
Is now the Cossack's tool?
Or fears she that, a passage found,
The invaders might on Indian ground
O'erturn her peaceful rule?

III.

Queen of the Seas, throw back such tears;
They are unworthy thee!
The Cossack shall not thee despoil,
Nor India Cossack be:
Our mutual love twice sixty years
Hath counted now, through smiles and tears,
And one in heart are we!

IV.

While floats above thy banner brave,
We sleep secure in peace;
Think'st thou we know not how to prize
A boon so great as this?
And will the rugged Northern Bear,
To break this rest, to us repair?—
Then let him well-armed be!
From Himalay to far Ceylon
The rages all will rise as one,—
All true alike to thee!

V.

Welcome, most welcome, Prince of peace,
Of virtuous parents born!
Behold thine Empire's far extent—
None brighter crown hath worn.
Read, read the hearts that beat for thee:
Their wish is only one,
That thou, like Victoria, pure may be,
And good as Albert gone.
Then shall thy kingdom aye endure—
The King of Kings loves but the pure.

VI.

From Kasbee's sacred fane shall rise
A holy prayer for thee;
On Poonee's sod, in Brindábun
We'll bend the reverent knee:
For God is one, our God and thine,
We'll pray to Him at every shrine,
That thou may'st blessèd be

VII.

Hail, future lord of India, hail!
But heaven delay thy reign.
Long may thy holy Mother live:
But when, relieved from earthly pain,
She, like the sun, sinks down to rest,
Plant thou her virtues in thy breast,
Her wisdom in thy brain.

VIII.

A blessed life, O Prince, be thine!
And rest the blessing in thy line!
Thus shall we pray for thee:
Rejoice a subject nation's heart
By being good as great thou art:—
Our Prince, thus welcome we!

*Calcutta, India*, 1875.

# ODE

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE VISIT OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

# THE PRINCE OF WALES

TO INDIA

BY

RAM SHARMA,

OF CALCUTTA.

# ODE.

On holy Gunga's margin green
Musing I stood at eventide;
Before me rolled in silver sheen
Her waters, sportive in their pride,—
Laughing and dancing merrily,
Resistless in their boist'rous glee.

From the cerulean arch of sky
Gleamed thousand sparkling jets of light;
The crescent moon now rose on high,
Like eastern bride half-veiled from sight!
While Zephyr breathed his am'rous tale
To plain and forest, hill and dale.

Now oped the flowers their odour calls,
And Nature smiled beneath the light;
Now Fancy wrought her magic spells
Waked by a scene so fair and bright.
A scene so bright, it seemed to me,
To hold the soul of Poesy!

Entranced I heard the waters roar,
Entranced beheld the billows play;
Ceaseless they kissed the loving shore,
Ceaseless they came and stole away.
They came and went unchecked and free,
Revelling in love and liberty!

I caught their spirit, caught their mirth,—
Yes, caught their wildest mirth and spirit!
And dreamt the while, I stood on earth
Which only freemen must inherit!
Freemen, said I? Where—Where are they?
This land obeys a foreign sway!

And yet, where'er I turn my eyes,
In this fair land by Nature blest,
Visions of vanished light arise,
And cheer and swell the sinking breast.
Each scene—each spot that meets the sight,
Is redolent of mem'ries bright!

The mountain pass; th' extended plain;
The snowy peak; the valley green;
The sylvan bower; the sacred fane,—
Glitt'ring with glory's magic sheen;—
Recall the days of freedom, when
Our fathers lived and died as men.

Poor India! Once home of the free!
Where are thy former virtues fled?
Where now thy ancient chivalry,—
The spirit of thy mighty dead?
Urjoona, Vishnu, Lukshman's dart,
The spirit of their lion-heart?

Is yonder grovelling, dastard slave
Who sees, unmoved, famed field and flood,
Descended from the gallant brave;—
Swell *his* veins with heroic blood?
Ala! no foreign steel and thrall
Is [illegible] his own, his country's fall!

Yet still, 'tis sweet on thee to gaze,
To linger on thy rifled charms;
To dwell, with thrilling soul, on days
When thou wert great in arts and arms.
Each wound that makes thee bleed and smart,
To thee but closer draws my heart!

But, hark! what sound assails the ear,
Like to the ocean's mighty roar?
The Prince is come! and loud and clear
India's sons greet him to her shore!
And now I hear two voices sing
Their welcome to her future King.

FIRST VOICE.

Hail, noble Prince! to India's coral strand,
Where thou may'st sure our hearts and arms command!
See, how beneath our Empress-mother's reign,
This fallen land hath risen once again!

When Moslems ruled, the lamp of Knowledge bright
Here, long, alas! was quenched in hopeless night.
O'er this fair realm then hung a dismal gloom,
More awful than the darkness of the tomb;
Then fled the Arts by fierce oppression driven,
And bleeding Virtue cried for help to Heaven.
Then ravished Knowledge, like some cloistered nun,
In caves secluded mourned her treasures gone:
Then—then, O Poesy, thou tender maid,
Fond of the laughing fount and cooling shade—
Scared by the tyrant's yells, and mis'ry's cries,
Didst wing thy flight to more congenial skies!
Nor hall, nor bower, nor the shady grove
Resounded then the thrilling strains of love:
A dreary winter reigned o'er all the land,
Locking the springs of joy in icy band!

At length, with pity moved, the Sovereign Lord
To Britain gave the all-commanding word:—

'Go thou, old Ocean's Bride, go wear yon gem,
Yon glitt'ring jewel in thy diadem!'
Inspired with noble aim and purpose high,
The Queen of th' azure deep came sweeping by.
At her approach dissolves the gloom away,
The sun of Knowledge bursts and cheers the day:
The Arts spring up beneath her witching tread,
And o'er the varied scene their blessings shed;
The Lightning-spirit bears her words afar,
And Giant Steam propels her iron car;
Fair cities rise where hamlets stood before,
And Peace and Order reign from shore to shore.'

"Thrice-blessed Prince! into whose destined hand
Shall pass the sceptre of this classic land!
E'en Philip's son ne'er owned a realm more fair
Than what Heaven wills should form thy future care."

SECOND VOICE.

"Albert Edward! England's son and Heir!
Happy Heir to glorious Râma's throne—
Kingliest of Kings—beyond compare—
Perfect name that in the Orient shone!
Welcome to the land that nursed thy dream,
To her gorgeous shows, her glow and gleam!

"Son of Her, our Mother as she's thine,
Son of Her, whose spotless life and fame,
Redolent of graces sweet—benign,
Have fill'd the world with Victoria's name!
Thrice welcome to India's sunny shore,
Where that name we loyally adore!

"From the West came foemen fierce of yore,
With War's blood-hounds in their dismal train,—
Timur,—Nadir,—Ahmed,—Ghazni,—Ghore,—
Ravishers of India's fair domain;
But thou gleamest, Prince, upon our eyes,
As Hope's Iris spanning bright our skies!

"Welcome him, O Indians! Welcome him!
Hindoos,—Moslems,—Parsis,—Buddhists,—all!—
Now our cup of joy flows o'er the brim!
Welcome him from street and roof and hall!
All that's ours from Himalay to sea,
Welcome him with shouts of jubilee!

"Cities! robe yourselves in gay attire!
Glow in golden floods of flashing fire!
Float in perfumes sense and heart desire!
Wake the very soul of harp and lyre!
And so welcome him this happy hour,—
Him the love of Denmark's sweetest flower!

"Fairy palaces, spontaneous rise!
Streamers, shine with rainbow hues in air!
Voice of welcome, thunder to the skies!
Cannons boom! and trumpets, loudly blare!
Beat, warm heart of Ind, with rapture beat!
Pour thy fervours at the Prince's feet!

"Welcome, for thou art our King to be!
Welcome, for this realm's by heirship thine!
Welcome, Guest from o'er the western sea!
Welcome, Heir of Albyn's Royal Line!
Thrice welcome now to India's sunny shore,
Where Victoria's name we all adore!"

---

Thus rang the voices in mine ear
With a majestic chord swell;
And shouts of gladness I could hear
Ascend from plain, and hill, and dell.
Thus India does her sense display,
O Queen! of thy benignant sway!

Fair England! Fortune's darling child!
Dowered with every grace divine,
Amidst earth's dreary, cheerless wild,
Thou heroes' home, and freedom's shrine!
I breathe thy name: my eyes grow dim;
Whilst drop my chains from every limb.

Though mighty thou, and rich and bright,
Though great thy name, and grand thy story,
To raise this land to life and light,
Be still thy aim, thy highest glory!
In thy grasp quivers India's fate,
Oh! raise her, bless her, make her great.

Thy reign has cast a ray,—a gleam
Of hope, where all was dark despair;
Dispel not, oh! the pleasing dream
She nurses 'neath thy fost'ring care!
But still, oh! teach her rulers still
To heed, not spurn, the people's will!

*Calcutta*, 1875

# ODE,

ON THE OCCASION OF

# THE PRINCE OF WALES'

# VISIT TO INDIA.

BY

A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY, ETC.

[These verses are written solely from the Hindu standpoint. In the accompanying Tamil poem[1] they are rendered, *verbatim et literatim*, in flowing vernacular metre. Every simile and metaphor employed is strictly Oriental. Thus (as Asiatics frequently speak of a "lotus-face," or "flower-face,"—*malar mugam* — "blossoming with smiles") the epithet "lotus-face" has been introduced. And so on, for this is but one instance. For much literary help the author is indebted to an eminent member of the Covenanted Civil Service of India.]

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[1] In this present Edition of Five Thousand Copies, the Original Tamil of these Verses is unavoidably omitted.

# ODE.

## I.

He comes! The Lord of the Northern Isle,
The Heir of the Kings of the Sea,
Of our Kings, the King to be,
To gladden our eyes with his gracious smile,
And his future realm to see.
Behold!—
His steam-urged vessel, all white and gold,[1]—
White as the robe th' Immortals wear,
Gold as the crown his brows shall bear,—
Comes flashing hither, fair and free.
He comes! And cannon their welcome utter;
Sea-like multitudes surge through each street;
There are showers of flowers; and bannerets flutter
From dome and minaret, tower and spire,
As India receives her heart's desire.
And monarchs meet,
His advent to greet[2]
As he steps on shore;
To the jubilant roar
Of myriad thunders of fort and fleet!

[1] The *Serapis*,—the colour of which seems to have struck the Hindú fancy, judging from native comments.

[2] Alluding to the reception at Bombay of the Prince of Wales by the Rajahs and chiefs of Western India.

II.

And so he has come, and passed through the land,
A dream of triumph, a vision grand,—
Such as before
On sea or shore
Was never dreamt or seen;
Strange as some new-born mystic star,
The latest and greatest Avatár,[1]
Bright, beautiful, serene.
Yet not a God, but a man of men,
With his moods, like the sky, now majestic, then
Smiling with genial sheen;
By prince respected, by peasant loved
Lord of all hearts, he has sweetly proved
All hearts, as one heart, he can win,—
From where gleam high Himálayan snows,
To where, as white, the roller flows,
And on boulder and beach his sea-snow throws,—
At stormy Comorin.

III.

Way for the Monarch that is to be!
Make way!
Arches of flowers they raise for thee
By day;

[1] *Avatár*, *i.e.*, incarnation of a deity.

And even by night,
Thou walk'st through starry bowers of light!
—The Palace gates are backward-rolled;
Lamps mistily gleam in the scented air;
Incense swings, and torches flare;
Flashes the sword-hilt, diamond-set;
Sparkles the emerald-decked aigrette;
As down from his throne of ruby and gold
The Maharajah, who never yet
Bent neck to mortal man,
Descends,
And bends,
Before the Future Lord of Hindustan!

IV.

Again make way!
Ye surging crowds, press not so close to see
The lotus-face of your King to be!
But lo! Now wherefore doth he stay?
—He sees a white-robed band
Of little children stand,
Whose 'puny voices' bless him as he goes.[1]
He stops: he speaks: a father's smile o'erflows

[1] This refers to a scene in Poona, near Bombay, where the Prince of Wales stopped his carriage to listen to the songs of children, who sang a hymn composed to his praise before him, and flung garlands over him.

His royal face. Does *he* not understand
Children? Are *his* not in a distant land?
Then, laden with the garlands that they fling,
He passes on, whilst they behind him sing—
"God Bless our Future King!"—
From mountain and from plain,
Again and yet again,
All India echoes back that solemn strain,
Which then breathed soft o'er Poona's uplands green,—
"*God bless the Prince of Wales; God Save the Queen!*"

V.

Pass we from lamps that glow
In many a festal hall;
Pass we from palaces, whence flow
The sounds of laughter and of fluting low,
Whilst airy footsteps fall;[1]
Pass we from pomp of gorgeous gatherings,
Of lordly Sirdars and of puissant Kings;
From solemn Chapters of the Orient Star,[2]
And gilded pageantry of mimic war;[3]
From long processions through the surging street,—
The Prince raised high,—a 'howdah' for his seat;

[1] Referring to Nautches given by Rajahs in honour of the Prince.

[2] Alluding to the Grand Chapter of the Star of India held in Calcutta.

[3] The Review and Sham-fight at Delhi.

Pass we all this, to Nature's virgin show,—
Nature, as only Hindûs Nature know,—
The jasmine's fragrance, and the firefly's glow;
The palm's bright leaf, on which the moonlight falls;
The Vaughay, from whose bough the '*kokil*'[1] calls;
The lordly aloe, that but once can raise
Its creamy blossoms to the noon-tide blaze;
Glory and gleam of wild convolvuli;
Mountain geranium; yucca[2] of the plain;
White clouds rolled round blue peaks; an opal sky;
The sunlit silver of the rushing rain;
Grandeur of arching leaves and bowery gloom;
Glory of trees that in the zenith bloom;
The fern-palm, quivering lightly in the wind;
The grim insatiable tamarind—
Whose roots deal death where'er they stretch;[3] the neem;
The mangoe, heavy-fruited, arched o'er stream,
Or glassy tank, on which the lotus nods;
The yellow champak,[4] sacred to the gods;

[1] The '*Kokila*' (Sanskrit), '*Kuil*' (Tamil), is the cuckoo of India. During the latter portion of the Prince's visit to India, its long, clear, mellow note must have been heard in every Indian forest.

[2] A plant which bears a lofty pyramid of bell-shaped flowers, all as white as snow.

[3] Indian aboriculturalists recognize this remarkable fact.

[4] The *Champak* is regarded by Hindûs as the peerless flower. It is their sacred amaranth.

Birds from whose throats the songs of heaven flow,
Unseen in Brake, or veiled by dazzling glow,
Whilst, hidden by the fierce sun's garish glare,
To gods, not men, they warble, high in air;
All splendour that the sense can ever know;—
Cascades that shimmer, and that steam, below
The night-born splendour of the Lunar Bow;
Green parrots, golden orioles, here and there
Darting—their plumage flashing in the glare—
O'er banyans, dropping giant arms, to throw
New arms aloft,—stooping to conquer!—Lo!
The Prince is here!
Awake, O lovelier than the loveliest lands!
In thy sweet midst thy future Guardian stands!
Arise! Rejoice! Revere!
The Prince, *thy* Prince, is here!
Unveiled by art
He sees thy naked heart,
Thy glory, and thy glamour, and thy glow,—
O thou the fairest *Swerga*[1] mortals know!

VI.

O beauteous balmy Isle
On which skies softest smile,

[1] '*Swerga*.'—Sanskrit,—heaven.

Laved by the bluest and the brightest seas!
O Isle of poet's[1] song,
What sound now stirs along
Thy league-long palm-groves, like a rushing breeze?
Hark! with a cry and leap,
Upsprings Ceylon, to keep
High holiday, and hail her Future King!—
The fishers hear the call
Who, by rock-girdled Galle,
Their tarry nets at amber morning fling.
Deep in the forest gloom,
The woodman hears the boom
Of cannon thundering welcome from the shore;
Dickoya's headlands bleak,
And towering Adam's Peak,
Ring with the echoes of the jubilant roar.
Now for the glorious Kraal![2]
Now for the rifle-ball!
Now let the elephant fall before his aim!
Now see the Briton true,
Prince, but Shikarry too,
Pluck the fair garland of a Sportsman's fame!

---

[1] Bishop Heber is referred to:—
"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er *Ceylon's* isle," etc.

[2] Elephant-trapping on a large scale is called a "Kraal" in Ceylon, where, it will be remembered, the Prince shot his first elephant.

VII.

But why prolong the tale?
Will Fame not write it in the leaf of time?
Will not each age and clime,
And utmost isle, and far forgotten main,
And peoples yet unborn, with wonder hear
The mighty blast of History, trumpet-clear?
Hear of the Progress, solemn, stately, grand,—
The Royal Progress through the orient land;
How from the stern, cold Island of the north
The Heir of all the Sea-Kings hied him forth,
To visit sunny Ind, and there did prove
Such height of loyalty, such depth of love,
Such glorious welcome, as had ne'er before
Greeted a mortal king on earthly shore.
Our Future Emperor, Hail!
And ye who are our children, tell the tale
To your own children. Ne'er let die the story
Of India's Welcome and of England's Glory!

# POEM

IN THE

# BENGALI LANGUAGE,

BY

## NAVIN CHANDRA SEN,

OF

CHITTAGONG, INDIA,

ENTITLED

## "WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES."

*To the Proprietor of the Crown Perfumery Company, London.*

DEAR SIR,

I venture to inclose herewith a poem in the Bengali language, its transliteration in Roman characters, and its translation in English, for your consideration. I need hardly add that I shall think myself fortunate if it meets with your approval.

As the Prince is approaching Bombay from the West, I have made the sea the first to welcome him, and communicate the welcome news to the shore. The welcome is then successively echoed by the hills on the Malabar or Bombay coast, the hills on the Coromandel or Madras coast, the hills on the remote Chittagong coast, the Nilgirries and Vindia Hills in Central India; and last of all by the lofty Himalaya in the North. Then the welcome news spreads all over India, and towards the end of the Fifth Stanza the welcome shout is sent up in a chorus from all sides to Heaven. India is then roused from her wretched state and lethargic stupor with surprise at this unexpected news. She soliloquises about the credibility or otherwise of this news till the end of the Ninth Stanza, when seeing the Prince before her, she addresses the remaining stanzas direct to His Royal Highness!

* * * * * *

I remain, yours sincerely,

NAVIN CHANDRA SEN,

*Author of "Abakásha Ranjini" and "The Battle of Plassy."*

*Dec.* 1875. CHITTAGONG, INDIA.

"জয় যুবরাজ! ভাবি নরপতি!"—

১

গাইছে পশ্চিমে, পূরবে, দক্ষিণে,
ভারত সাগর আনন্দে তরল;
নাচিয়া নাচিয়া নীলিমা অসীমে,
দেয় করতালি তরঙ্গ চঞ্চল।
ঢলাঢলি করি লহরে লহরে,
সুখ সমাচার কহিছে বেলায়;
রাজ প্রতীক্ষায় আনন্দ অন্তরে
সাজে তীর দীর্ঘ হীরকমালায়।

২

"জয় যুবরাজ! ভাবি নরপতি!"—
গাইয়া আনন্দে মলয় অচল,
ঘোষিছে সিন্ধুর আনন্দ ভারতী,
উড়ায়ে আকাশে, সমীরে চঞ্চল
সুচারু কুসুম-পল্লব-কেতন।
পুষ্প গন্ধ সহ আনন্দের ধ্বনি,
মলয় অনীল করিছে বহন;
নাচে স্বর্ণলঙ্কা সাগরবাসিনী।

৩

"জয় যুবরাজ! ভাবি নরপতি!"—
শৈলকর মালা তুলিয়া আকাশে,
প্রতিধ্বনি করি, প্রাচী অদ্রিপতি,
মহানন্দে "করদণ্ড" সম্ভাষে।
স্বচ্ছর প্রাচীতে সিত পূর্ণিমাতে,
পূর্ণচন্দ্র শারে করিয়া ধারণ;
নীলমণি পথ বঙ্গের অথাতে,
সে "চন্দ্র শেখর" করে প্রদর্শন।

৪

"জয় যুবরাজ! ভাবি নরপতি!"—
সপ্ত-তাল-ধ্বজা তুলিয়া আকাশে,
এই বিন্ধ্যাচল দেয় রাজারতি,
আরণ্য আহ্লাদে নৈমিষে সম্ভাষে।
প্লাবি দাক্ষণাত্য, প্লাবি আর্য্যাবর্ত্ত,
শৃঙ্গে শৃঙ্গে এই আনন্দের ধ্বনি
হয়ে প্রতিধ্বনি, শৃঙ্গে শৃঙ্গে তবু
শুনিলা শৃঙ্গেশ হিমাদ্রি আপনি।

৫

"জয় যুবরাজ! ভাবি নরপতি!"—
গম্ভীর নির্ঘোষে ঘোষে হিমাচল,
উড়ায়ে আকাশে শ্বেত মেঘাকৃতি,
অনন্ত তুষার-কেতন ধবল।

হলো প্রতিধ্বনি নদ নদী বনে,
গম্ভীরে সমুদ্র করিল উত্তর,
ভারত যুড়িয়া উঠিল গগনে;
"জয়, ভারতের ভাবি রাজেশ্বর!"

৬

"জয় ভারতের ভাবি রাজেশ্বর!
একোন কুহক বুঝিতে নাপারি;
হায়! শতাধিক বৎসর অন্তর,
এই সুখ স্বপ্ন হইল কাহারি?
আবার ভারত প্রেমার্দ্রনয়নে
দেখিবে আপন নৃপতি বদন?
অবধি যাহার চন্দ্র সূর্য্য সনে,
শতবর্ষ শূন্য সেই সিংহাসন!

৭

"এই শত বর্ষ, কত আশা হায়!
মৃতকল্প দেহে হইয়া সঞ্চার
বিজলি ঝলকে, বিজলির প্রায়
বিষাদ আকাশে মিশেছে আবার।
আজি কি কুহক!—ভাবি রাজেশ্বর,
রাজ্ঞী জ্যেষ্ঠ পুত্র কিসের লাগিয়া
আসিবেন দীনা ভারত ভিতর,
ছাড়িয়া অমরাবতী "বৃটনিয়া"?

৮

"যে ভারত নাম ইংলণ্ড বাসীর
উপন্যাস গত! অভাগীর শিরে
দুর্ব্বাসার শাপ! ভূমেণ্ড রাজ্ঞীর
নাহয় স্মরণ যেই দুঃখিনীরে;
মহাসভা গৃহে যার নামে হায়!
ঘোর মহানিদ্রা হয় আবির্ভূত!
সে ভারতে—আমি মত্ত দুরাশায়!—
সে ভারতে আজি রাজ্ঞীজ্যেষ্ঠ সুত?

৯

"একি!! হুহুর্হুহু যুড়িয়া ভারত,
একবিংশ ধ্বনি ধ্বনিছে কামান,
আনন্দ নির্ঘোষে! সব স্বপ্নবৎ!
হুহুহুহু এই নরেন্দ্র প্রণাম!
নহে স্বপ্ন;—হাসি ঝলকে ঝলকে
কহে সৌদামিনী শুভ সমাচার;
নহে স্বপ্ন:—নেত্র পূরিল পুলকে,
কুমার 'এল্‌বার্ট' সম্মুখে আমার!

১০

"যুবরাজ!
ত্যজি বৃটনিয়া ত্রিদিব আলয়,
দুর্লঙ্ঘ্য সমুদ্র করিয়া লঙ্ঘন,
যদিবা ভারতে হইলে উদয়,
কেন আজি এই আতিথ্য গ্রহণ?

হায়! হায়! হেন দয়ার সাগরে,
করুনা সুধাংশু পূরিত আকাশে,
হায় রে অদৃষ্ট!—হৃদয় বিদরে—
ইহাতেও হায়! মরিচিকা ভাসে?

১১

"না, না; মানিব না; প্রাণে নাহি সহে;
ভিখারি মানেনা কৌশল দাতার।
এ কি কথা! শুনি দুঃখে হাসি, অহে
রাজ্ঞী-প্রতিনিধি, অতিথি, কুমার!
রাজ্ঞীপুত্র তুমি, যেহও সেহও;
ভাবি রাজ্যেশ্বর,—বৃটিস তপন;
লও ভারতের সিংহাসন লও,
বহুদিন পরে যুড়াই নয়ন।

১২

"এই ধরাতলে আদি হিন্দুজাতি,
ধরাতলে আদি হিন্দু সিংহাসন;
আচন্দ্র ভাস্কর হায়! যার ভাতি,
এবে শূন্য সেই শূন্য সিংহাসন।
বসি সিংহাসনে, দেখ একবার
অদৃষ্টের শোক অভিনয় স্থান:
দেখ শেষ অঙ্ক—শোক পারাবার—
আজি হিন্দুস্থান, হিন্দুর শ্মশান!

১৩

"যখন নিরখি হিমাদ্রি শেখর;
নিরখি যখন নীল বিন্ধ্যাচল,
পূর্ব্ব কীর্ত্তি গীত, গৌরব আকর,
শুনি যবে স্বপ্নে হইয়া বিহ্বল,
জাহ্নবী, যমুনা, নর্ম্মদার মুখে;
বিংশতি কোটি জীব মৃতাকার,—
দুর্ব্বিসহ ভার!—বাজে যবে বুকে;
তখনই জানি অস্তিত্ব আমার।

১৪

"হায়! রাজপুত্র কি দেখিতে হায়
পতিত ভারতে তব আগমন?
ভারতের কীর্ত্তি এবে স্বপ্ন প্রায়;
আসমুদ্র-গিরি তোমার সৃজন!
তোমার ইঙ্গিতে দেশদেশান্তরে
আপনি বিস্তৃত বাহু সমাচার,
তব স্পর্শনে চলে রোষ ভরে
বাষ্পীয় বাহন ছাড়িয়া হুঙ্কার।

১৫

তোমার সাহিত্য, তোমার সঙ্গীত,
তোমারই শিল্প, তোমার আচার,
তব সভ্যতায় ভারত প্লাবিত,
ভারতের আহা! কি রয়েছে আর!

ভারতের তন্ত্র নীরব সকল,
দুঃখিনীর লজ্জা রক্ষে "মেন্‌চেষ্টার্"!
লবনাম্বু রাশি বেষ্টিত যে স্থল,
জন্মে "লিবর্‌পুন্নে" লবণ তাহার!

১৬

যাও তুমি আজি ছাড়িয়া ভারত,
কালি বিবসনা বসিয়া দুঃখিনী
নিরশনে, যেন স্বপ্নোত্থিতবৎ!
হাহাকার শব্দে ফাটিবে মেদিনী।
শাসনের যন্ত্র হইবে বিকল,
সভ্যতার যন্ত্র চলিবে না আর
যন্ত্রীর বিহনে, সকলি অচল!
ঝটিকার পূর্ব্বে যেন পারাবার।

১৭

"পশ্চিম হইতে গরজি গম্ভীরে,
বিপ্লব ঝটিকা করিবে প্রবেশ;
নিরস্ত্র ভারত, অরক্ত শরীরে,
ভীম উৎপীড়নে হইবে নিঃশেষ।
হায়! যুবরাজ, এই পরিণাম
শত বর্ষ তব দাসত্ব করিয়া?
ভারতের বল, বীর্য্য, কীর্ত্তি, নাম,
চির দিন তরে গেল কি নিবিয়া?

১৮

"ছিল অক্ষৌহিণী অষ্টাদশ যার,
আজি পরহস্তে আত্ম-রক্ষা তার;
অক্ষয় আছিল যার অস্ত্রাগার,
আজি অশ্রুরাশি মহাস্ত্র তাহার!
মহাকাব্য "মহাভারত" যাহার,
মহারঙ্গভূমি কুরুক্ষেত্র হায়!
ভীষ্ম দ্রোনার্জ্জুন অভিনেতৃ যার,
যুবরাজ!—আজি সে জাতি কোথায়?

১৯

"যাও, যুবরাজ! রাজপুতনায়
বীরইতিহাসে পরিপূর্ণ যার
প্রতিপদ; যার প্রতিপদ হায়!
কীর্ত্তি স্তম্ভ কাল সাগর বেলায়!
এখনো 'চিতোরে' স্মৃতির নয়নে,
দেখিবে 'পদ্মিনী' চিতার অনল;
সেই স্মৃতি তব দয়ার্দ্র নয়নে
আনিবে কি আহা! এক বিন্দু জল?

২০

"এ মহাশ্মশানে দাঁড়ায়ে, কুমার,
জিজ্ঞাসিবে যবে 'এই রাজাস্থান'?
উপহাসচ্ছলে অদৃষ্ট দুর্ব্বার
করিবে উত্তর—'এই রাজাস্থান'।

যাও যুবরাজ নর্ম্মদার কূলে,
কবে স্রোতস্বতী কল কল স্বনে,
পূর্ব্বে মহারাষ্ট্র বীরাঙ্গনাকুলে,
সম্মুখ সমরে, মরিত কেমনে।

২১

"মহারাষ্ট্র জাতি,—নিদ্রাতেও যার
শিয়রে তুরঙ্গ, কটিবন্ধে অসি;
হালা অস্তমিত বিক্রমে যাহার,
মোগলের বিশ্ব-গ্রাস 'অন্ধ-শশী'।
'শেষ পাণিপটে' 'এসাই' সমরে
স্বাধীনতা তরে মত্ত সিংহ প্রায়
যুঝিল যে জাতি প্রাণ পণ করে
যুবরাজ!—আজি সে জাতি কোথায়?

২২

"এক পদ আর;—সম্মুখে 'পঞ্জাব,'
বীরপ্রসবিনী, 'সিখের' জননী;
'চিলেনোয়ালায়' যাহার প্রভাব
দেখিলা বৃটিস কেশরী আপনি।
'সিপাই বিদ্রোহে' ভারত কলঙ্ক
প্রক্ষালিল যারা শোণিত ধারায়,
সেই 'সিখ' জাতি,—বীরের আতঙ্ক!
যুবরাজ!—আজি সে জাতি কোথায়?

২৩

"আজি সে জাতির ভস্মরাশি হায়!
সিন্ধুর, জাহ্নবীর, নর্ম্মদার তীরে

পড়ে আছে; ক্রমে বিধির ইচ্ছায়
হইবে বিলীন কালসিন্ধুনীরে।
আজি ভস্মময় ভারতহৃদয়,
একটি ধমনী নাহি চলে তার,
রাজ স্পর্শনে কর দয়াময়!
এই ভস্মমাঝে জীবনসঞ্চার।

২৪

"বিংশতি কোটি জীবন্মৃত নর,
জয় জয় শব্দে উঠিবে নাচিয়া,
সেই জয় নাদে পৃথিবী ভিতর
কোন সিংহাসন রবে না টলিয়া?
আসুক্ 'রসিয়া,' আসুক্ 'প্রসিয়া'
আসুক্ সমগ্র নৃপতিমণ্ডল;
বৃটন পতাকা গগণে তুলিয়া,
একাকী ভারত যুঝিবে সকল।

২৫

সিন্ধু অতিক্রমি এই জয়ধ্বনি,
যুড়াবে বৃটনে মায়ের শ্রবণ;
প্রেম অশ্রুজলে ভাসিবে জননী,
শুনি মৃতকল্প পাইল জীবন।
যুবরাজ!—যবে মাতৃসিংহাসনে
উজ্জ্বলিবে যথা ওই শশধর;
স্মৃতিতে বিহ্বল, শুনিবে তখন,—
'জয় এডোয়ার্ড—ভারত ঈশ্বর'!

## ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

By the Author.

1.

"Welcome, thou Prince! the future King!"—Sings the Indian ocean in the West, East and South melted with joy; whilst the nimble billows, dancing on its blue expanse, merrily clap their hands. Merrily chasing each other, they communicate their happy tidings to the shore, which, in expectation of the Prince, bedecks herself with a long line of briny foam sparkling like a garland of diamonds.

2.

"Welcome, thou Prince! the future King!" The Malabar Ghauts, chanting merrily, proclaim the gladsome tidings borne by the sea, waving on high their pennons of leaves and flowers tremulous in the wind. With flowery fragrance the sweet South wafts abroad this gladsome strain, attuning to which the golden Lunkah—the dweller of the sea—dances with joy.

3.

"Welcome, thou Prince! the future King!" The Eastern hills of Coromandel, lifting on high their rocky fingers, echo the cry; whilst in the far East the Chandroshikur,[1] wearing the full moon

[1] *Note.*—The Prince reached Bombay at about the time of full moon. Chandroshikur is a lofty mountain on the Chittagong coast of India.

tisra on its crest, points out to the Prince the emerald path over the Bay of Bengal.

4.

"Welcome, thou Prince! the future King!" The Vindhya hills, lifting on high seven Palmyra-palm ensigns,[1] give a royal reception; whilst the forest of Naimisha welcomes him with its sylvan joy. Flooding Deccan and Gangetic India, the glad news from peak to peak echoes afar, till at last from peak to peak the tidings reach the lordly Himalayas.

5.

"Welcome, thou Prince! the future King!"—Solemnly reverberates the Himalayas, uplifting their endless snow-white banners, which fly like white clouds athwart the firmament. The rivers and the forests now echo the sound to which the ocean returns a solemn reply. All over India the cry of "Welcome, thou India's future King!" is now ascending to the skies.

6.

"Welcome, thou India's future King!" What a charm is this, but how incomprehensible to me? Ah! Who could have, after the lapse of more than a century, dreamt so happy a dream? Shall India

[1] *Note.*—On the Vindhya hills our national hero Rama Chandra vindicated the strength of his arms to his friend Sugriva by sending one arrow right through seven Palmyra trees. Hence this allusion.

enjoy the pleasure of seeing again the face of her Lord with eyes bedewed with tears of love? Alas! her throne, coeval with the sun and the moon, is now lying vacant for a hundred years!

7.

Alas! What hopes did these hundred years like lightning flash at times sparks of life into this dead body, and like lightning vanish again into the sky of sorrow and grief! What means this charm? Why should India's future Lord, the first-born of India's Queen, leaving Britannia's Paradise, come to visit fallen and poor India?

8.

India, whose name to British people is a romance, and on whose ill-fated head hangs *Durbásá's* curse;† the forlorn one, whom, not even by a slip of memory, the Queen ever deigns to recollect; and whose name brings sound sleep in the Houses of Parliament. Oh! mad am I with vain hopes, to think that India is honoured with a visit of the eldest son of the Queen.

9.

What's this! Incessantly the twenty-one cannons roar throughout India's wide domain—a merry peal! All is dream! are these salutes royal? No: it is no dream; for electric flashes circulate the welcome

† *Note.*—On account of Durbásá's curse, Sakuntala was wholly forgotten by Dushanta.

news. No, it is no dream;—joy fills my eyes; for, lo! Prince Albert stands before me!

10.

Prince! If thou hast condescended to rise on India like India's sun quitting Britain's Paradise-like shores and crossing the impassable ocean, why then visit her as a guest? Alas! oh fate! it breaks my heart! Does Mirage float even in such an ocean of kindness, and in such a sky filled with the rays of a kindly moon?

11.

No, no; I will not hear it, and my heart cannot brook this thought—a mendicant will not listen to the excuses of Charity: I cannot refrain from smiling, though in sorrow, at the news that thou, Prince, comest, not as the representative of the Queen, but as a guest. To me thou art the Queen's eldest son, be what else thou mayest—the future King, and the sun of Britain. Do thou ascend the throne of India, so that after many a year I may regale my eyes.

12.

Of all the nations of the earth the Hindûs are the oldest, and theirs is the oldest of all the earthly thrones. The throne which is coeval in its splendour with the sun and the moon, alas! that sacred throne is lying vacant now. Oh Prince! sit upon that throne, and once behold this tragic theatre of cruel

face. Behold the last scene, which is a sea of sorrow,—Hindustan to-day is the Hindûs' grave.

13.

When I behold the lofty Himalayas, the Nilgherries, and the Vindhya hills; when with maddened heart I hear as if in dream the songs of my past fame (a mine of glory!) from the lips of the Ganges, Jumna and the Nerbudda; when my bosom feels the unbearable load of two hundred millions of almost dead souls; it is then I know I still exist.

14.

Oh Prince! why visit'st thou this fallen India? India's fame is now but a dream; for, from the ocean to the mountain, all is thine! At thy beckoning, the lightning bears messages from land to land, and at thy touch the steam-engines, as if maddened with rage, speed with thundering roar.

15.

The literature, the music, the art, and the manners, are all thine. India is now flooded with thy civilization, and what, alas! is there left to her of her former glory that she might call her own! Indian looms are silent all, and it is Manchester who now shields her from shame; and Liverpool supplies with salt her who herself is environed by a briny sea.

16.

Shouldst thou, oh Prince! quit India to-day; to-morrow, risen as if from a dream, naked, forlorn, and starving, she will rend the earth with her sharp bewailings. The machinery of her government will stand still, and the machinery of her civilization will not move, bereft of its mover. In short, everything will be motionless like the sea before the storm.

17.

The storm of revolution will then come sweeping from the west with a tremendous roar, and disarmed India, without shedding one drop of blood, will submit to be crushed by dire oppression.—Alas! oh Prince! Is this the end after one century of submission to thee? India's prowess, life, fame, and name itself, have they vanished and for ever?

18.

She who commanded eighteen *Akhoinees*, her self-defence to-day is in strangers' hands, and she who boasted of an unexhaustible armoury, her mighty weapons to-day are tears! The nation whose great epic was *Mahabhárata*, whose mighty theatre was *Kurukhetra*, and whose actors were Bhishma, Krishna, and Arjun,—oh Prince! where is that nation now?

19.

Oh Prince! go thou to Rájpútana, whose every foot of land is full of heroic tales, and is a monu-

ment on the shore of time. Even now at Chittore, with Memory's eyes, thou shalt behold Padmini's funeral pyre.[1] Would not that memory bring to thy sympathizing eyes a tear?

20.

While standing on this mighty funeral ground of the Râjpûts, oh Prince! thou wilt deign to ask—"Is this Râjusthân?" The inevitable fate will answer thee, "Yes, Râjusthân is it!" Go thou, oh Prince! to Nerbudda's shores, where with a murmuring strain the purling stream will tell thee how, in days gone by, the Mahratta heroines would perish in the shock of war.

21.

The Mahrattas who had, even while sleeping, their horses by the head of their beds, and their swords in their belts; whose prowess made the "crescent moon" of the Moguls—the terror of the world—to set in the last field of "Panipat," and who, in the battle of "Assaye," fought for liberty like maddened lions staking their lives; —oh Prince! where is that nation now?

22.

One step more, and behold Punjab, the mother of heroes and Sikhs, whose martial valour the British lion had once tasted at Chillianwallah, and who with

[1] *Note.*—Padmini's funeral pyre. Consult Marshman's History of India, page 56.

torrents of blood wiped off that Indian infamy—the Sepoy revolt; that Sikh race—the wonder of the brave.—Oh Prince! where is that nation now?

23.

The mouldering ashes of that mighty nation now lie scattered on the shores of the Indus, Ganges, and Nerbudda; but as fate would have it, they will gradually vanish into the ocean of time! Alas! India's heart now lies imbedded in ashes, of which not a single pulse now moves. Do thou, oh Prince! deign to throw into those ashes sparks of life with one touch of thy royal hands.

24.

Then two hundred millions of souls, now almost dead in life, will dance into life crying "*victory*" to thee. What throne is there on earth that will listen to this shout unmoved? Let Russia, let Prussia, or let the whole circle of earthly powers come combined, India alone will brave them all, lifting on high Britannia's flag.

25.

This shout of victory, oh Prince! crossing the ocean, will reach Britain and console the ears of the royal mother, whose eyes will fill with tears of love to hear of her dead daughter's return to life. Oh Prince! when thou, like yonder moon, shalt shine resplendent on thy royal mother's throne, intoxicated with this memory, thou shalt hear—"Long live Edward, India's Lord!"

GOD BE PRAISED!!

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

# THE PRINCE OF WALES'

# PEARL OR STAR NECKLACE.

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THIS

## TELUGU POEM

IS COMPOSED BY

KOKKONDA VENKATARATHNUMU PUNTULU,

RESIDING IN MADRAS,

PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR OF "ANDHRA BHASHA SUNJEEVANI"
(THE TELUGU TONGUE REVIVER),

THROUGH THE INDUCEMENT OF

THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY

OF THE METROPOLIS, i.e. LONDON.

THIS IS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY

R. SIVASANKIRA PONDIAH, B.A.,

A GRADUATE OF THE MADRAS UNIVERSITY.

## PREFATORIAL REMARK.

THE poet who has composed this "*Prince of Wales' Jewel or Star Necklace*" is a great *Telugu* scholar, of wide reputation, and is unrivalled in his mastery over the Telugu language (one of the two most important languages of the Presidency of Madras). A prose work by the pen of this learned author is now made a text-book in Telugu for the *First Examination in Arts of the Madras University*. The works of this poet, both Sanscrit and Telugu, which are not a few, are well known in India, especially in this Presidency. This poet is the proprietor and editor of a monthly Telugu periodical, namely, "*Andhra Bhasha Sanjeevani*." This periodical may be called the *Spectator* of Southern India, because its masterly articles are likely to be made text-books for the B.A. degree examination of the Madras University. Owing to this poet, the Telugu language may be said to have come to a prosperity, similar to that attained by it in the reign of Krishnatheva Rayaloo, a king of Northern Carnatic. This is the opinion of many wise men. The composition is excellent and laconic. Of this poem it may be said that "*more is meant than meets the ear*." It belongs to that fine species of poetical composition known as "*Thevani Kavyamu*," where *depth of thought*, *merit*, and *public interest* are essential.

R. SIVASANKARA PONDIAH, B.A.

# శ్రీరస్తు

## ఘనశ్రీ రాజాధి రాజాధిరాజ ప్రసన్న వేంకట పెంటపాటి సంస్థానము

## ప్రతీహారకనకాగిరికటా శ్రీవెంకట్యా జ్యోతకము.

## శ్రీమద్భాగవత వేంకట రాయాధ్వరి

## భాగవతాల విక్రీడిత స్తుత్తములు.

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1. శ్రీహరి భోగవల్లి స్థలవిహరయా - శ్రీరాజ్ఞి నిట్లోయా!
శ్రీభార్యయే నెభుంచు తండ్రి భుమగా - శ్రీవాలి యా
బిడే లే!
నాహవయోతనా నెవ్వడీరవయ శ్రీయాల్పు రెయిన్నట్లు
లే!
భాగ్యా శ్రీసను చెల్వు రాక మువమం - బొందించె
బొంరో స్థలిన్ ॥ ఆ ॥
2. పతనాల శ్రీభుదయ్యం చాను యువరా - జెన్నిధి
రాశే రవగం ॥
శ్రీహస్తంబున నెవ్వనెట్లయిన వీ - శీంపంగ నైన
చ్చుము!
స్నేహశ్రీజాను జూడగూడవగదా - దేవేనిం గూ
బ్బండిలే ॥ భ్యాహ ॥

3. ఆహారాపుర ధాన్య మూపఱుచు మూ-ఱూళ్ళార్ గల్పఁడనే।
ఆహారాంగ రుచిన్వెలుంగుఁబడ చా-లన్నెట్టి దే హంబటం।
మూహం జేయనె కాక యీతఁడిసఁగా-నెన్నఁ న్నన్నదం ముందు శ్రీ॥ భ్యా॥

4. ఊహార్యతు ధనంబుఁ బల్లుచిల దీ-నారాతులం దాఁ చ్చి పడిన్।
సాహంకార తనేఁబనేలయనియో-యస్లేమియుం జేయకే।
యీహాసై న్యజ కటాక్షలక్ష్మి కిలుగా-నిర్వ్యాఁగా వించుశ్రీ॥ భ్యా॥ ౪॥

5. ఈహం గాంచుమ శ్రీలు చల్లవరు మ-న్నింహార రాజాప్తతల్।
మోహావేశమునం బ్రసూనశములు నె-వ్వన్నన్నర గాఁ ర్తికిల్।
శ్రీహృష్టోత్తత రాజు రాఁగ నిపు డా-చేష్టల్పనే లేపు శ్రీ॥ భ్యా॥ ౫॥

6. ఆహా మున్యవరాజ దర్శనలస-ద్భావక్తసంగు లెఁ దున్నారా।
రోహల్ ప్రార్థులు పూరుమల్లనినటం-బ్రోద్ధామ కౌతూహలుల్।
సూహల్ చాలరు చాలికల్పవరుల్-సాంసాఁజ దీపీంపుశ్రీ॥ భ్యా॥

7. కాహానేస్వరరాజు పెంచఁబడుదుర్ – బల్వీరక ము-
న్నెప్పటో।
బహుపెద్దయీయంయరరాజు నీవిజయవి – ద్యోచ్చా-
టాసంస్తుత్యుఁడఁ।
వాడ్డెమూచుల నేరుభూరిబలపతుల్ – బూర్ణాప్తి వర్ణిం-
తు శ్రీ॥ భూ॥

8. మెహరాపాసక దానికానికము ముఁ – ముఖ్యంబుగా
రెనికో।
మెహమెహ కానిక గాంగఁగస్పదుగము – న్మర్వీశ-
లద్వీఁబరి।
స్టహీనాచరణంబు మానేనిటమా – న్యాచారమేమీఁ
శ్రీ॥ భూ॥

9. మెహిరాక్ష కృతులైన వారవనితల్ – మున్ప్రేఖలన్మి-
ల్పి సం।
దేహాఁబింపుక లేక చామరలిడం – దీపింప రాజా
ల్పభా।
గేహంబంగను గానరాజదిచ్చడాం – గ్లేయావహనం-
బందు శ్రీ॥ భూ॥ ౯॥

10. ఆఁడారంబుల మెక్కునారుద్విజులే – యందుం గళుల్పో
డితురే।
సాఁబంకారులు వస్త్రభూషణ ధన – ప్రాప్తిన్ ద్విజా-
స్త్రీయుఁలా।
జాహార్షంబున నిక్షుచంద్రు మునుపా – జాడల్పనెం-
గాడె శ్రీ॥ భూ॥

11. ప్రభాతవాల్మీకులు భూసురులకున్ – ప్రభారాజు ప్రీ
తియున్ ।
దేహపాయములున్నవానతగులున్ – దేవీ విరూపాం
బులున్ ।
హాహాకారములున్గుహోపగతులున్ – గాన్పింపబెం
దెంద శ్రీ ॥ భ్యా ॥

12. సామంతారులు మజ్జనుల్సయిరార – న్యజ్జిహ్వితుల్
దేశమున్ ।
శ్రీనాథాచ్చు సవాహనుస్సబలు వీ – ఖీంపర్వహా సా
ఖాన్లు ।
బాహాబాహిం గవాకలిం దెనఁగుచుం – భానింపు శ
క్తిం దె శ్రీ ॥ భ్యా ॥

13. ఆహార్యబ్జభరాంకథాగులు సవ – ర్ణాహారులే వే
రథా ।
రాహూర్ణంబున నప్పు డిప్పుడు మత – ప్రస్పర్ధ లెక్కొ
ల్పుఁ ।
స్నేహాధిక్యము తోడ వేదుక గుణ – శ్రీస్ఫీతి యు
న్నాము శ్రీ ॥ భ్యా ॥ ౧౩ ॥

14. ఆపని క్రియ లెల్ల మానిజనులీ – స్థాపన్ నిశ్చ్రీ నిహా
రేఖల్ స్నేహపుసా ర్థకంబులుగఁ – బూర్వదోక్తి
నిర్బంధముల్ ।
హాహాభూతములంను వీడిచెదిమిం – బ్రోత్సాహ్య ధీ
రార శ్రీ ॥ భ్యా ॥

16. ఇలభూతోజ్జ్వలరాజ్య పాలనమున్నా – డైశ్వర్యగ
నాటనా।
నాహేలూర్జిత పూర్వి కావరణముల్ – నష్టంబునై
న్యాయనా।
బోహాళీరె నెరంగె నైక్యమిటస్త్రీ – లుప్యాంగునం
న్నామశ్రీ ॥ భ్యా ॥

17. సీహారావల నేతుమధ్యగజసుల్ – నేర్పొప్ప నాంధ్రే
యథా।
మోహార్ణంబును నెక్కి యందరు జగ – త్సంస్తుత్య
సద్భావన్నత।
శ్రీహర్షంబును బొందిరిద్ధ మనుపే – శ్రేయంబు లెదం
దశ్రీ ॥ భ్యా ॥

18. మోహిత్యాస్తము మహిణరాజ్యమె మొగు – చ్ఛత్రాద్య
రాజ్యంబిగా।
దీహండల్ ప్రభుదత్తశాసనంబునకు దా – రేగ స్వ
శ్వేచ్ఛంబుతో।
నాహా యండగ జన్మె మున్నెపుడో యీ – యా
న్యాయమున్లేశశ్రీ ॥ భ్యా ॥

19. మోహంసంగను స్లేచ్ఛరాజ్యమునకు – స్నుద్భవ్తు
బెన్నెనియడ్।
నేహంబుల్లసియించి తోడుకొని చ్చు – క్తించం జ
నుల్వర్తిమా।
నేహల్యాని నుతించెరుంగరిటనా – హీనస్థితుల్దీరె శ్రీ
॥ భ్యా ॥ ౧౮ ॥

1. చాపూ ఖాంచిత రాజ్యమంగు జనులెం-తే నెక్కొ-
న్నమ్మికే।
భూ హాస్నాయ్ము దినాణమందిదు సురి-స్థ్యాపా-
చ్చిత్తికే।
యా హా యిట్టి ప్రభుత్వ మున్నె యిటకెనెం-దుం
చుం బ్రశంసింతు శ్రీ॥

2. విభునిం గనవాసె యుపచబళ లం-డ్లేనే ఫో-
న్నారా।
రోహుల్యాదరు తోరణం చిపుడు నా-యుల్లారు
ఫీరుల్సభా।
గేహంబుల్యారు వారుచుంద్రు పుగబం-గేతీంద్ర
చిత్రంబు శ్రీ॥ భూ॥

3. ఈనా యిప్పుడుపంతపత్రికలు ఖా-యూ గ్రాహి-
ణుల్మ్రొలువా।
స్థాహ్లా ప్రదముల్గదా మంహుచు కు-ద్రాయంత్రి-
మిండెద్దిలే।
భూహారుల్తి చాదులుం బఠికుబుం-గాయంచె లే-
దిట్లు శ్రీ॥ భూ॥

4. హాబ్లాపు నృపుల్ పురాతనులు ఖా-రూఘనీ
కావింపిరే।
స్వామీ-కారముహాని చూగనికను స్వ-ష్ణాద్యా-
గాబంధనం।
బోహోప్తిక బహుసస్య సంపదలం బం-టున్ శ్రీ
రమంత్రారి శ్రీ॥ భూ॥

23. మోహనాకారంబులు గావు భూర్వమునజనుల్ – మోహం బొందినారం దూరనే।
శేషాల్పారివరు మర్మమంబు దెలువో – బ్రతిక్షిప్తమారం భోధిసె।
ప్లుతో భూమురభంబు భూనుతరణుల్ – హాస్యంబుల్ వాండింపు శ్రీ॥

24. ఊహింపం దెలియంగనేర నుకలదెలా – దోషంక మున్నేరవు।
వ్యామోహంబులు పుట్టజేయరికిమున్ – జ్ఞానిస్సదా వ్వేరయా।
యీహాలోల్పకముల్ జనాళికని దం – భీక్యంబు చార్తా శ్రీ॥ భూ॥ ౨౪॥

25. రాహార్యంబున్నఁ గానరేని మరలన్ – ప్రభ్యాతమైన ట్లినా।
నాహేయూక్తర మొప్పనిట్లు చలుభర్ – నానాస్థలస్థు భ్యతిన్।
నేహాల్పప్రభు రారు మున్ను జనులి – క్లేర్వీటికేన్ శ్రీ శ్రీ॥ భూ॥ ౨౫॥

26 దేహాత్మయ చరా చరాత్మకజగ – ద్వ్యాప్యంబు నిత్యంబుగన్।
స్నాహోత్యాల్లనితుంకు దేపుడు దయక్ – బాలం మ నెల్లప్పుడు।
స్నేహారోజ్వల రాజ్ఞిడుగ్వరగుమం – శ్రీలిగ బతి యాశ్రీ॥ భూ॥

27. ఈవ క్రైస్త వెరుప్యామరి నివహమెం-తే స్వర్గీ
లుక్ ప్రీతిమై।
సాహిత్యంబున రాజభక్తిని జన-స్వారాజ్యరక్షి
మిథ।
స్నేహార్ద్రంబున సద్యశోమహిమ శ్రీ-సంపత్తి నా
నాటశ్రీ।
భూకాంత ప్రిన్సపు వేల్సు రాక ముదముం-బొం
దించె హింమస్థలిక్ ॥ ౨౭ ॥

కవిరాజ విరాజిత వృత్తము.

నేరిఁగల లండను చట్టణముంగుఁ బ్ర-సిద్ధిగహించి రాం
గంగినయట్లు।
వరమతి క్రైస్త వెరుప్యామరి కంపెని-వారల ప్రేరణఁ
జెన్నపురిక్।
వరకవి వేంకటరత్నము చంతులు-చన్నఁగ నీకృతిఁ
జేసెయశ।
స్థిరయుగ ప్రిన్సపు వేల్సు మహాప్రభు-చంద్రుని రా
రకహారమనఁ ॥

ప్రిన్సపు వేల్సు రాకావళి
సమాప్తము.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

# THE PRINCE OF WALES'

## VISIT TO INDIA,

TREATED WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTRAST OF ANCIENT AND MODERN CIVILIZATION.

### THE PRINCE OF WALES' PEARL OR STAR NECKLACE.

[This title of *Tharavali* is given to a collection of twenty-seven stanzas; all, or with a few exceptions only, of the words of the last line of each of these stanzas in this collection must be the same, just as we have in the stanzas of ballads or odes in English, such as "God Save the Queen," etc. The word *Tharavali* has two meanings—1st, It means a necklace of *twenty-seven pearls*; hence there are twenty-seven stanzas; and, It means *twenty-seven lunar* mansions, or constellations, which surround the Moon, according to Hindu astronomy, hence the name. The chief object of the poet in thus treading the poem is that these represent the *Star of India* (the K.G.C.S.I., K.C.S.I., C.S.I., etc.), which the Prince, like the bright Moon as it were, has special authority to confer upon the natives, etc., of India.]

### SHARTHOOLA VIKREEDITHA VRITHUMS.

[This name is given to certain stanzas composed in accordance with certain rules of *Telugu prosody*. Such stanzas are considered fine and excellent in Telugu prosody. The Telugu poetry, like the Saxon, is of an *alliterative* nature. These stanzas contain *four* lines. The *last* line, *i.e.* the *fourth* line, being the same for all the twenty-seven stanzas, as has been already remarked. The *first letter* of each *line* is called *yathi*; the *second letter* of each line is called *prasam*; this second letter is the *rhyming* letter. There are altogether $(26\times3+4+1=)$ 83 lines. Of these, 82 lines are composed with the *same rhyming letter*, namely *h*, by no means an easy task. There are 56 lines, *excluding the fourth line in each* stanza (which is the same); but including it there will be $56+26=112$ lines.]

## TRANSLATION.

I.—*Queen Victoria*, who shines as brilliantly as a diamond, and who is made more beautiful (by her qualities) is *his* mother (*i.e.* that of the Prince of Wales). Prince Albert, who was a noble-minded and a happy man, and who resembled the lion (in courage and valour), was his father. As he has the good fortune of having such parents, considering well, who can equal our Prince of Wales? (*i.e.* none). God be praised! the visit of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Field-Marshal (glorious), has conferred delight on Hindustan! (*i.e.* the Hindoos also by metonymy).

[Here the word "*Vyuha*" denotes "*Field Marshal*." It is specially inserted with a view to bring forward this great title, which was lately conferred upon our Prince in England. The words commencing from "*God be praised!*" etc., ending with "*delight on Hindustan*," are common to all the stanzas, and so they are to be understood at the end of each stanza.]

II.—Although this British prince is but a *prince*, still if we examine deeply, he is a *sovereign*, because every one is now at full liberty to look at him in whatever manner they like: whereas, was it not prohibited before to look at the prince, *sitting*?

[The word "*Raj*" has two meanings, namely, a *sovereign* and the *moon*. In other words, our Prince resembles the moon in brightness and mildness, just as we are free to behold the moon as we like, similarly are we free to behold our prince as we like, whether sitting, or standing, or reclining, or erect.

[This is in allusion to the fact that in ancient times, *i.e.* in those times of barbarity, every person was forced to *stand* before the King with his *head bent down*, and with his arms *folded like a cross*, as we still have in Burmah and other semi-barbarous countries. But now, in conformity with the spirit of modern civilization, we can feast our eyes with the sight of the Prince as we choose, etc.]

III.—Of what use is it to delude the people at large by gaudy ornaments, seeing that the body itself shines as if adorned with necklaces of precious stones? He hates all external grandeur (not that the prince is without ornaments, but he is simple in his tastes).

[This is in allusion to the fact that princes, in those barbarous times, came out in glittering robes of "barbaric pearl and gold" and ornaments, but in these refined times our princes come out in nice and neat robes, unencumbered by superfluous jewellery.]

IV.—In ancient times, kings scattered coins and wealth around them uselessly, so as to create great confusion among the mobs assembled to view them.

[This implies the fact that people then were in such a beggarly and needy condition as to collect basely the wealth thus scattered.]

To avoid the blame of wasting the wealth of Kubera (*Kubera* is the God of Riches according to the Hindoo Shastras).

[This implies the fact that England is the richest of countries.]

the Prince (in conformity with the spirit of modern refinement and civilization) has abandoned that custom, feasting his eyes with the presence of rich men.

[This implies the fact that, by the influence of the civilized rule of Britain, India is filled with riches, and that the people are not in such a beggarly state as to collect meanly the coins scattered on the ground as before.]

V.—In times of yore, as the kings passed by women would scatter upon them fried grain, unbroken red-coloured rice and flowers; and would wave in front of them circular plates of light.

[These round plates were of different metals, containing small cups and balls of cow-dung and water, mixed with turmeric and limepowder, serving as lamps.]

Such *(uncivilized)* customs are not now observed

[*i.e.* Modern civilization has tended to efface these irksome and unpleasant customs.]

VI.—Before, only *aged* men and women had the courage to look at the prince without fear,

[Because kings, in ancient times, were reserved in their manners, and they put on a serious and moody countenance; consequently young men and young women, boys and girls, were then afraid of the king.]

whereas now, every one has the fortune of beholding their prince fearlessly.

[*i.e.* Education in general—modern education in particular—has given now-a-days to boys and girls a sort of loyal courage, so that they are not timid now, as before, and they now share loyalty and pleasure with others, *i.e.* in those old and barbarous times, owing to *zenana* and want of education, females were in a down-trodden condition; but now, modern civilization and enlightenment have tended to unite the feelings of women with those of men, so as to give a united demonstration of loyalty to their Prince.]

VII.—In former times, princes achieved glory *merely* by their skill in wielding the sword (mere-

brutal force); but in modern times (times of the arts of civilized life) Princes, like our Prince of Wales, become famous *also* for their moral and intellectual accomplishments, and also for their affability and cheerfulness, so that all the kings from *Himalaya* to *Sathe* (*i.e.* all the sovereigns in *India*) praise our Prince for his education, refinement, etc.

[In addition to praising him for his great valour, as his very title of *Field Marshal* denotes.]

VIII.—In old times, feudatory and dependent chiefs and princes would offer to their superior lords or kings, as tribute or homage, *female slaves* and beautiful or lovely girls of the prostitute class, etc.; on the other hand, now, such blamable practices do not exist,

[This is in allusion to the well-known existence of the *slave trade* in the Asiatic regions, as India, etc.; but now, since the passing of the *Slave Emancipation* Act, a real blessing has been conferred upon India. Those barbarous customs have been obliterated.]

and laudable and civilized ones have come into vogue (*i.e.* rare articles, manufactures and curiosities are now offered as presents to the prince).

[*i.e.* In those rude times tribute was paid in slaves, but now it is paid in coins, etc.—in harmony with the spirit of modern civilization.]

IX.—In times gone by, kings, etc., while holding their levees, would be surrounded by handsome girls

of the prostitute class gently waving chowries (or brushes) composed of the tail of the *Bos grunniens*, without the slightest hesitation. Under the (civilized) British rule such (objectionable) practices are not to be found.

[Before, king's favourites, especially the female favourites, etc., exercised great control over them; but now, under the benign rule of Britain, immoral women have no access to such sacred places as royal assemblies.]

X.—In the past ages in India, on the arrival of kings, princes, etc., the *Brahmins* alone had treats given to them.

[This priesthood of India exercised the greatest control over everything, as the Roman Catholics of the middle ages in Spain.]

Only such of the poets and learned men as were Brahmins by caste were favoured with presents of money, clothes, ornaments, etc.; and the wives of the Brahmins alone had the pride and fortune of being blessed with presents, etc. But now those (partialities) have disappeared.

[Before, such sectarian distinctions among a king's subjects were kept up by means of priestcraft; but now, under the benign influence of modern civilization, our rulers reward *real merit*, and look upon all their subjects with an impartial eye, without adverting to the childish distinctions of colour, creed, caste, etc., casting away the old uncivilized principles.]

XI.—In the past ages, when one king or prince visited the others, political jealousies and animosities

among them were sure to bring about treasonous plans, fierce wars, and tumultuous proceedings, mean overtures, exiles, lamentations, refuges in caves, but now such (jealousies, etc.) are not to be found.

[*i.e.* In old times one potentate tried to annex the dominions of other potentates, when those had infant or weak sovereigns; but now, the civilized establishments of Court of Wards, etc., create no such deceptions. Moreover, then there were no international treaties or pacific arrangements among princes, and they were envious of one another; but now, international laws, general jurisprudence, far-spread mercantile transactions, nay, the spread of learning itself, those results of modern civilization have induced princes and potentates to live amicably, and welcome one another cordially, as is now the case with our Prince of Wales.]

XII.—In the preceding generations, the masses (the people at large) would engage themselves in quarrels, holding hands by hands and tufts of hair by tufts of hair, and would thus fight with one another; when any priest of a religion that was not theirs, or when a mighty monarch or prince on horseback, who was not their monarch or prince, came on horseback, etc., in procession, they would not even brook to look at them with their eyes.

[*i.e.* As the people were illiterate and ignorant in those barbarous times, they were intolerant and arrogant. But now, the refreshing influence of modern civilization and a liberal-minded government, such as the British Government, have made them look impartially on everything, and learn *toleration* and quietness.]

XIII.—In times gone by, there was envy and want of unanimity *even* among men of the *same* religion (as *Vishnavites* and *Saivites*) performing

similar rites and ceremonies. But now they shine with good qualities of toleration, etc., without these religious animosities and caste jealousies, and live like friends joyfully and discreetly.

[In former times there was no *unanimity*, even among men of the same sort as it were; but now, the refreshing rays of civilization have taught men the doctrine of mutual alliance and unanimity.]

XIV.—In these days (of civilization), people have all the facilities afforded to them to enjoy repose, tranquillity, and pleasures of food; they are now able to gratify all their curiosities and desires, and, abandoning the ancient customs and restrictions as useless and uncivilized, are rejoicing ever like friends (in their *free-will*).

[*i.e.*, Before, the different superstitions of the people and the priesthood laid all sorts of restraints on men, and prohibited them from a good many acts and occupations; but now, influenced by modern civilization, people are blessed with freedom of will and actions.]

XV.—As justice and jurisprudence are the safeguards of the British rule, some of the ancient superstitions (of the Hindoos), which were based upon sheer inhuman and unjust whims and fancies, have now been abandoned. Opinions and principles of judicious men have now spread everywhere, consequently unanimity and tranquillity of mind flourish everywhere; and women are everywhere inflated with joy.

[Before, according to Hindoo law, women were compelled to burn themselves with the dead bodies of their husbands, *viz.*, *suttee*; also widows were not permitted to marry again.

Again, converts from the Hindoo religion to any other were not allowed to inherit the property of their fathers, etc. But by the legal enactments of our *enlightened* rulers, these abominable restrictions have been put a stop to. The *females are glad*, because of their being *educated*; because of their being allowed to re-marry after the death of their husbands; because of the suppression of *infanticide*, in such places as Rajpootana, etc. Moreover, by a recent curious ruling of a High Court of India, *unchaste* widows were allowed to inherit property. According to the spirit of modern civilization, females were raised from their depressed condition to a state of enlightenment.]

XVI.—Men of all nations from the Himalayas to Sathu (*i.e.* throughout India) without distinction (of colour, race, or creed, etc.) have now ascended to the summit of the great hill of the English language, and are acquiring great happiness, power and world-wide fame. Such an advantage did not exist ere now.

[*i.e.* In ancient times, high places and authorities and dignities were conferred upon special classes of men, as the Brahmins in India. But now, in keeping with the spirit of modern civilization, merit and learning have become infallible guarantees to one's fame and acquirement of high places. Now learning has been diffused everywhere, instead of being pent up in monasteries and muttums, and therefore civilization of modern times has a beneficial effect upon men. Moreover, the wise thoughts of great English masters have now become household words to all men.]

XVII.—A Government productive of great good to the public at large is the modern (civilized) British Government, and by no means the Mahometan; because, during those times (uncivilized) if any Hindoo cherished a desire to look at the Mahometan Sovereigns, he was forced to relinquish

his usual and national costume (and to appear in the curious Mahometan dress); but such unjust restrictions are not to be seen now.

[In those barbarous times, those who liked to behold the king were compelled to put on all sorts of peculiar dress; but now, modern civilization has taught men to cast off these unnecessary restraints, *i.e.* there is more liberty now than was before.]

XVIII.—When we deeply consider, (we find that) in old times, *i.e.* during the Mahometan period, numberless marauders would plunder houses of the people and burn them without mercy, torturing the inmates most awfully. In those times, the people at large had not the slightest liking for their property, or dignity, or honour.

[Because the people then stood every moment exposed to the tyrannical inroads of all sorts of wicked men, who either dispossessed them of their property, or maltreated them, or committed many outrages on the modesty and chastity of females with impunity. But now, as a civilized nation governs India, *property has become secure*, and every one is anxious to value his honour, etc., and the wise government punishes any outrages, etc. This is in allusion to the depredations of *Tartars*, such as Tamerlane, etc., on India, and even of the *Pindarees*, etc., who were extirpated by the vigilance and justice of the civilized British Government. *i.e.* There is now both *security of property and person and dignity*.]

XIX.—Under this worthy English sway, the people deposit their money in Government Treasuries to obtain interest, etc., with perfect tranquillity of mind, mutual confidence, and good-will. The people are now extolling the present Government as *unequalled*.

[XX. By the influence of modern civilization, there is a healthy mutual confidence now between the rulers and the ruled, so that people, without any hesitation, turn their surplus money into government bonds of national debt; whereas, in those barbarous times, people's money was sacked at the will of the rude monarch. Moreover, the *liberty of the press* has produced great confidence in the mind of all the subjects of Her Majesty the Queen.]

XX.—Before (alluding to the Mahometan period of Indian History), women would not dare to come out of the thresholds of their houses, afraid of injuries, in conformity with their name of *abalas* or the *weak sex*.

[Because the unrestrained and lawless Mahometans, impelled by brutal passion, used to violate most shamefully the chastity of the fair sex.]

But now, women are not timid.

[Because they know that in these civilized times, and under the rule of a civilized nation, no such thing will be done.]

Now they have the freedom of frequenting assemblies of learned men (also exhibitions of arts, etc.); they now surpass even their husbands (in learning, fine arts, etc.). This is a thing (really) to be admired.

[Now, females are allowed to go into wise assemblies and take part in the discussions, and thus they are allowed to see light, not as before.]

XXI.—Ah! In these times we have *newspapers* (journals, periodicals, etc.), *photographs*, etc. Are not all these the real representations of events and persons, etc., as if they are before our very eyes? Had we, *before*, the printing press, the great implement to these? In former times, if the news of one distant place were to be known in another place,

the news had to be carried to different places by the *same* runner throughout; if not, either specially paid heralds or travellers were the only resource. We had not, *before*, the fine *postal system* as we have now.

[The poet alludes to the diffusion of *knowledge, news*, etc., through newspapers, the printing press, lithography, etc., and we can have before our eyes the *life-like* portraits of places and persons, etc., through wood-cuts and photographs, etc., and he alludes to the excellent and cheap postal system of modern days, *i.e.* modern civilization has given valuable and speedy facilities for mutual communication.]

XXII.—What we say are by no means misrepresentations. Have the kings of ancient times, setting aside pride, erected with care either dams or mounts across such great and mighty rivers as *Krishna, Godavery*, etc.? And have they thus contributed to the fertility of the soil and thus to the abundance of grain all over? Have they, by various power-looms and weaving machines, refined and cheapened the articles of dress?

[*i.e.* In those barbarous times, *irrigation works, anicut works*, and other works of public utility were not known, but now modern scientific discoveries have conferred a real boon upon mankind.]

XXIII.—In times gone by, people had not the slightest liking for *travelling into* distant countries or making voyages through seas, because, then, passages either through land or sea were difficult and dangerous (because of the ignorance of naval architecture, etc.); but now steam engines and steamers are gladdening the hearts of all men.

[Alluding to the extension of railways all over the world, and also of steam navigation.]

XXIV.—In old times, even news of the most important nature, as one's welfare, etc., could not be obtained from one place to another, quickly, and that too with great difficulty. Therefore, people then had no anxiety for travelling abroad; but now news reaches us almost miraculously *every minute* through *wires*. Therefore, people have now a desire for experiencing delight in undertaking long journeys, etc.

[The poet here alludes to the extension of the *Telegraph*, by means of which news reaches from one place to another most quickly.]

XXV.—Since all sorts of well-known facilities and conveniences have now been afforded to mankind for going happily from one part of the world to another; consequently, men from various parts of the world come to other parts of it (as *India* for the present) with great anxiety to partake cheerfully of the delights of a pleasant sight of the king.

[*i.e.* Owing to the triumphs of modern science, the results of which are real blessings to mankind, such as railways, telegraphs, etc., men are now able to feast their eyes with the sight of their princes (as our good Prince of Wales). Therefore, there is universal joy.]

XXVI.—He who can be known through this movable and immovable world which is His body; He who is Eternal, immutable; He who shines by means of his own glorious might; may this great God with mercy save our Queen (*i.e.* Her Majesty Queen Victoria) ever and anon, since she is the *diamond* of the world.

[Our gracious sovereign is here compared to a *diamond* by the poet, because, according to Hindoo notions, the diamond is the king of precious stones; similarly our Queen is the brilliant ruler of a great many nations of the world. She is shining by her brilliant, good, and admirable qualities, both in her private life and public life. There is also a hit as regards the fact of Her Majesty wearing the *diamond Koh-i-noor*, which was found in the Godavery, a river of India.]

May that God save her eldest and best of sons! (*i.e.* His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales); may He save Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, his consort; all the members of the Royal Family (of Great Britain); and all the millions of her subjects who are scattered all over the world, sheltered by the British flag!

XXVII.—May the good, anxious (to obtain such valuable poems on the Prince), prudent and loyal members of *The Crown Perfumery Company* prosper always with great joy, moved with philanthropic sentiments and mutual alliance tending to the acquirement of great *fame* and *wealth*. May these members flourish *day after day* for ever!!!

XXVIII.—(This is a *Kavirajavirajitha Vrithum.*) Through the encouragement and inducement of the wise members of the Crown Perfumery Company of the rich city of London, I (a resident) of Madras, an inspired poet, (Kokkonda) Venkatarathnam Puntulu, have composed, in a desirable way, this poem, entitled the Star or Pearl Necklace of (His Royal Highness) the Prince of Wales, who resembles the Moon!

# ODE,

IN SANSKRIT,

BY

TÂRÁ CHAND SHÂSTRI,

RESIDENT OF DISTRICT BUDAON, PERGUNNAH DÂTÂGUNGE,

NORTH-WEST PROVINCES, INDIA,

ON

# THE PRINCE OF WALES

CONSIDERED AS A GOD.

## NOTE.

[The two following Poems—one in Sanskrit and one in Hindústani—are inserted as exhibiting in a remarkable manner the still prevailing influence of the ancient Religion of India.]

नयनाद्यस्य लोको वै शाश्वते पथि तिष्ठते
जयतु स धराधीशो निस्सपत्नो गुणाद्भुतः १
दृश्यते श्रूयते चापि प्राचीतो भानुनिर्गमः
प्रतीचीतोऽधुनैवास्ति वृत्ताकारोऽस्य संचरः २
अन्यप्रजे प्रबुध्येते सर्वदा स्वेषु कर्मसु
निस्सपत्ने बृहामुच कास्ति तव रवेः द्वतिः ३
अब्धिवृद्धिर्जनाह्लादः कैरवाणां विकाशनं
नृपसूनोः प्रजायंते कोऽर्थश्चंद्रस्य जन्मतः ४
दर्शनान्नरदेवस्य नेत्रानन्दो भविष्यति
कर्पूरान्निव जानामि कोऽर्थः स्रष्टुर्भविष्यति ५
दलितं विश्वसंचारि रैविद्यां सर्वतस्तमः
ज्योतिषां न गणैर्वेद्मि किं विधाता विधास्यति ६
स्वस्थानात्कार्यसीकर्थं भारतालंद्वते गतिः
युष्माकं च तथा भाति यथेन्द्रावारुणी रवेः ७

नीतिमंतं नृपं बुद्ध्वा निद्राति पुरुषः परः
धरादिसत्वसाम्यान्हि किमन्यत्तस्य शिष्यते ८
दिग्गजास्त्रासमापन्ना दिगंते श्रुतिविश्रवाः
ततस्तदुपमानाय भवतां संति दंतिनः ९
जितवाता हयाः संति श्रुत्वा चोच्चैःश्रवोऽभिधं
ऊर्ध्वं विपंति चात्मानं पुनस्स्नेहादिहागताः १०
नंदनं श्रूयते चैकं सुरपुर्यां पदे पदे
विषये किल दृश्यंते वनानि प्राणितृप्तये ११
व्रजानां शिल्पिनां शैल्पं जगदुत्तरसमीक्षणात्
एकत्र संस्थितिं याति लोकशिल्पी ह्रियं व्रजन १२
कामद्रुतानि यानानि व्योमयानत्वयाणि च
श्रमात्क्लांतानि विद्यंते सर्वर्तुसुखदानि च १३
मरावब्धिसमाकर्षं गिरेरपि समोक्रियां
जडमूकांश्च वागीशान्दरिद्रांश्च धनेश्वरान् १४
विधानं नरकस्यापि स्वर्गापावृतिपद्धतिं
प्रबोधं दुर्हृदां चैव कर्तुं तस्यास्ति चोद्यमः १५

आर्यवीर्यसमुद्भूता कन्या हि सुरताभिधा
नृपान्भटानपाहाय प्रेम वेल्लं वृणीति सा १६
अणुडूनांच संख्याने शेमूषी निर्भयागता
नेयं साधारणी वृत्तिः शिल्पिनां तु शिलाखिव १७
काश्मीरकर्दमासिक्ताः जनैर्नेत्रोत्सुकैः पुरः
वितानैरावृता मार्गा मणिकांचनमौक्तिकैः १८
स्वराणां परिणामा हि यत्र सर्वेऽपि गायकाः
गाथा गंधर्ववर्गस्य स्वयं लज्जानुगामिनो १९
सौधे सौधे भवंतीह सुधांशूनां च पंक्तयः
पताकाखंडसंभीतः सोडुचन्द्रो दिवं गतः २०
गतासवः सुधासंगाच्छूयंते सासवः श्रुतेः
श्रुत्वैव वस्सुतिं देव प्रजा यांति हि सासुतां २१
शीतांशुभिः समुद्भूतो नीरबोधो भ्रमः खले
भवत्स्वेऽन्यत्वेऽपि तत्वबोधस्तथा नृणां २२
रीतीनां वो रसे लुब्धं मनोऽन्यं कथमीक्षते
मधुव्रतो हि पीताब्जं कौटजं न मधीहते २३

वाद्यध्वनिं समाकर्ण्य शिलापि द्रवतेभृशं
दृशा या प्राणिनां जाता गदितुं नैव शक्यते २४
सूरैश्च सूरिभिस्तथैः कलाभृद्भिः समन्विता
सुधर्मेव सभा ख्याता भारतीयपुरे पुरे २५
पूर्णेनिमेषेण वः कीर्त्तिः प्रासादोपरि मंचिता
प्रतिपत्तु तमस्कायान्प्रबोधार्थाय निःसृता २६
प्रपीड्य विश्ववल्लीं हि सैन्दर्यरस उद्धृतः
विहितं तन्निधानाय रौक्मिमिलण्डनाद्भुतं २७
सप्तविंशतिकैः पद्मैस्ताराचंद्रेण निर्मिता
काशिका प्रेमवेल्लस्य भवत्वभ्युदयाय च २८

## TRANSLATION.

1. Mayst thou be blessed with conquest over all, since thy justice leads the world into the right path, —O thou who art without partiality and human sensibility.

2. The sun rises in the East. Now the sun has risen in the West, and travels eastward. Thou art the sun.

3. The sun wakes the world. The lotus-flowers blossom. Thou, the Western sun, wakest us as effectually. We therefore have no need of the natural Sun!

4. Thou, O Prince, can'st cause the tides to rise, and the cactus-flowers to blossom — therefore of what more use is the Moon to us?

5. Since the Prince gives light to our eyes in darkness, we do not know why the phosphorescence of Camphor is created by God.

6. The darkness of ignorance has been dispelled by the Star of the Prince. The stars are therefore of no consequence. . . .

7. Worldly affairs were certainly conducted somehow, even when the Prince was in England; but his advent hither has brightened all. So the natural Sun's far-spreading light may awake the east, yet may also sink westward, to lighten western lands.

8. Perceiving that the Prince was eminently

versed in the law of nature, the Creator has gone to sleep, giving Him the charge of the world!

9. The eight elephants which support the world in all the eight quarters of the globe went to perform their duty thitherward, frightened by the elephants of the Prince, terrible in appearance as they themselves, and as strong.

10. The Prince's horses, swifter than the wind, spring heavenwards, to vie with the steeds of Indra. But the Prince restrains them in his love for us.

11. Everywhere, in this the Prince's land, there are forests, that animals may have comfort; but in Indra's land there is only *one* forest. In this and everything connected with him, the Prince of Wales excels the Sky-God!

12. The Painter of the Universe retreats, having seen the Painter of the Prince, who surpasses all the painters of the world!

13. The Prince of Wales's chariots eclipse all ever heard of. In motion they never tire. They are swifter than imagination can conceive. They are delightfully easy at all seasons and under all circumstances.

14. It is the Prince that makes the deserts full of water, that levels mountains, that makes the deaf and dumb to speak, and gives the poor ineffable wealth!

15. It is he who shuts Hell, opens Heaven, and makes the wicked virtuous.

16. Fair Bravery sighed. She looked everywhere for a husband, amongst the Kings of the earth. She preferred the Prince, and wished to marry him!

17. The intellect of the Prince of Wales is capable of understanding the number of the stars, and of the number of atomic particles which exist. The genius of sculptors is nothing to his.

18. Hindûs are beside themselves with delight at the sight of the Prince. Every street and lane is strewn with saffron, and citizens have annihilated the heat of the sun by gold and silver embroidered canopies.

19. The various tunes of music, of themselves, breathe forth their different cadences to charm the ear of the Prince, and so sweetly, that when evoked by musicians, they grate on the sense.

20. How can I sing of the illuminations in honour of the Prince? Every lamp is a moon. The moon, dreading lest she should be shattered by the standard of the Prince, has dwindled away amongst the stars, and shines as feebly as one of them.

21. The Hindûs at sight of the Prince have awakened from death unto life, just as those who have been dead, as we read, spring up endued with life, after tasting of the ambrosia of the Gods.

22. We imagine the world and the elements actually to be *real*, because of the reality of the

Prince's existence, even as a man at night mistakes moonlight for water.

23. The dark bee, once having tasted the nectar of the lotus, will never taste the bitter juice of other flowers or plants. So the Hindûs have forgotten all their ancient rites and ceremonies in those which they have been delighting in performing in honour of the Prince of Wales.

24. The rock is melted by the power of music. So it is impossible to express in words the condition of mind of the most obdurate mortal in the musical presence of the Prince.

25. The Prince's Court is full of the brave, the learned, and the experienced. Every village of his in India is as Indra's Court in heaven.

26. The Prince is as the Full Moon. But it wanes. The Prince's fame wanes not, but is everywhere more and more diffused. It lightens the minds of men.

27. The sap of Creation is Beauty. Liquids are put by us into vessels. So Beauty has been placed in the Vessel of London—The Prince of Wales!

# POEM, IN HINDUSTANI,

BY

ALI HYDER,

OF

GARDEN REACH, CALCUTTA,

IN DEDICATION OF

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

*To the Proprietor of the Crown Perfumery Company.*

The composer aspiring to the promised reward, most respectfully begs to submit for approval these few lines commemorising the happy event of His Royal Highness of England and Imperial Prince of Hindustan's visit to India.

ALI HYDER.

*Garden Reach, Calcutta,*
*December*, 1875.

۱

هري هوئي هين تمام جنگل *
زمين پر کوسون چهپي هي مخمل *
اوڻهي هين چارون طرفسي بادل *
گدهري هي ساقي کهان هي بوتل *

۲

اوڑا گلستان سي مشک و عنبر
مهک مهک کر گيا معطر
اوڻها پهارونسي ابر گهر کر
برس برس کر بهري هين جل ڈهل

۳

چمن مين هر پهول هنس رها هي
بهار کا دخل هو گيا هي
خزالکا رنگ اسقدر اوڑا هي
کہ زرد هوهو گئي هين بادل

۴

هوائي کيا کيا ثمر نکالا *
شجرني مشکل مين هي سنبهالا *
هوا هي گسدرجه جوش لالا
کمر پهاروںکي کهاگئي بل

۵

چمن مي کيا رنگ سبز پايا
که پڑگيا مجرو مهه پر سايا
گلونپه اسطرح ابر چهايا
چراغ کي لوپه جيسي کاجل

۶

اوبهار پر هي گلونکا جوبن
که ٹکري ٹکري هي جيب و دامن
لکهون جو نشو و نمائي گلشن
يقين هي نکلي قلم سي کوپل

۷

هوا مزاحم نکسوئي اصلا *
رکا نه فضل خزانسي رستا
سحاب گلشن مين آن پهونچا
پکر کي باد صبا کا انچل

۸

کسي طرف نغمہ سنج بلبل
کسي طرف پیچ پیچ سنبل
کسي طرف خندہ زن صف گل
کہیں ہي رمان کہیں سفرجل

۹

اجل عنادل کي ہي قضا ہي
نگاہ نرگس کي سرمہ سا ہي
غضب کا انکہوںمیں کہپ گیا ہي
بنا ہي سوسن کسا رنگ کاجل

۱۰

ہوا ہي ہندوستان گلستان
بہار لندن یہاں ہي مہمان
جناب البرٹ صاحب شان
فلک سریر آفتاب مشعل

۱۱

پناہ گیہان زماندادور
سپہر خرگہہ نجوم لشکر
خدیو افراسیناب چاکر
سکندر آسمان سپنجل

۱۲

دراز مژگان دراز گیسو
حسام قامت حسام ابرو
عقاب چنگل عقاب بازو
هزبر هیبت هزبر هیکل

۱۳

وہ بادشاہِ سپہر ایوان
وہ ہی گلستان خلق ریحان
وہ ابر ایثار و فیض باران
وہ بحر آب حیات منہل

۱۴

جو دیکھی وہ قہر کی نظر سی
تو ابر باران سی آگ برسی
نگاہ الطاف کی اثر سی
لگی ہمن شاخ غزل مہن پھل

۱۵

اگر وہ پہولونکی صف سی نکلی
تو لالہ عیب کلف سی نکلی
کسی شجر کی طرف سی نکلی
تو یاسمین پیدا ہو بوی صندل

١٦

سياه رويان كور منظر *
جهكي هين جب اوسكي آستان پر
سياهي چهريكي سب سمٹكر
بني هي انكهونمين اونكي كاجل

١٧

غضب هو اوسكا جو آتش افشان
هو برق خرمن مين ڈركي پنهان
اگر هو خادم كا اوسكي فرمان
تو كوه كو پيش ڈالي خردل

١٨

اگر وه ظاهر كري سخاوت
تو بخل حاتم كي هوي شهرت
اگر ديكهائي وه زور حكمت *
تو هون ارسطو كي هوش مختل

١٩

هوا جو صحبت مين اوسكي داخل
تو هو گيا اوج اوسكو حاصل
فلك سي بهتر هي اوسكي محفل
كه مهر تابان هي ايك منزل

۲۰

جو کہتي ہين مردمان ديدہ *
هي اوسکي درکا غبار سرمہ
تو درد سر کا هي يہ اشارہ
هي اوسکي چوکہٹ کي خاک صندل

۲۱

مقابل آئينہ جبين کي
هوا نہ هرگز کسي طرح سي
هلال بنتا هي کہتي کہتي
قمر پہ هوتي هي اتني صيقل

۲۲

نکيون هو بکتا زماني بهر مين
کہ عيب هي شمس مين قمر مين
نظير اوسکا جو هو نظر مين
تو انکهہ اوس شخص کي هي احول

۲۳

نکوئي هنگام فکر ديکها
نظير عارض نظير سيما
قمر کو سمجها مين استعارا
سحر کو سمجها مجاز مرسل

۲۴

بلند هي تاج سر کا رتبه
که مهر تابان هي ايک ذره
نشان پاکا هي يه اشاره
فلک سي هي يه زمين افضل

۲۵

نقيب هي عدل و خلق و رافت
هي چاکرونمين نويد نصرت
يه هي سواريکي شان و شوکت
که ساته بوئي چمن هي پيدل

۲۶

وطن سي نکلي جو وه فلک فر
قرار خدام کو هو کيونکر
چڑها هي خورشيد اسمان پر
که تا نظر سي نهو وه اوجهل

۲۷

حجب هين فيل اوسکي طور طلعت
که هين رواني مين شام وصلت
وه برق عارض يه ابر رفعت
وه روز روشن يه ليل الليل

۲۸

اوسي شمر انتساب کهڈي
انهين شب ماهتاب کهڈي
تمر مر السحاب کهڈي
بروي دريا و کوه و جنگل

۲۹

اگر نه لي قرض چال انکي
تو هو نه رفتار فکر پوري
نه وسف اکبر کري تعدي
کبهي نه منهم هو شکل اول

۳۰

عجب هي يه عهد عدل پيرا
فساد کيا شي هي سرکشي کيا
جو هي تو چشم بتانمين فتنا
جو هي تو زلف بتانمين هي بل

۳۱

د گلکو گلهين سي هي شکايت
ز دام سي بلبلونکو دهشت
ز شمع و گلگير مين عداوت
معاملي هو گئي هين فيصل

۳۲

هوئي مريضان غم کو صحت
بلا کشونکي براي حاجت
ملي کليد در اجابت *
رها نہ باب دعا مقفل *

۳۳

هلال تاريخ تيسريکا *
سنا کہ باعث هوا خوشي کا *
جو دور تها کبرو سرکشي کا *
فروتني سي هوا مبدل *

۳۴

جگر مين اخگر کي سوز کيچهہ تها
تو خاک هو کر اوسي بجهايا
پڑا جو شبنم کي دلمين قطرا
کيا وہ افتادہ هوکي منحل

۳۵

زماني مين راحتي تهين يہ کب
کہ دور ايدا و رنج هين سب
گئي هين انکهونمين درد کي شب
کہ جيسي کوئي لگائي کاجل

٣٦

يہہ حال باران لطف ديكہا
كہ ساري عالم كو فيض پہونچا
نہيں يہہ ابر كرم كو رتبا
كہ هي وہ اتني اعم و اشمل

٣٧

وہ عقل ميں غيرت فلاطون
وہ هي سخا و كرم ميں جيحون
لكہوں اگر فيض روز افزون
تو بڑهكي قرطاس هوي بادل

٣٨

بہا جو دريائي فيض اوسكا
زرو جواهر ملا هي اتنا
كہ جيب كل هوگئي هيں پارا
پهٹا هي باد صباكا آنچل

٣٩

كرم ميں اوسكا نہيں هي ثاني
هي ابر شرمندگي سي پاني
كہ اسقدر كي گهر فشاني
نہ اسقدر هوگي شبنم و طل

۴۰

نہوتا کسطرح فیض جاري
کہ دولت فیض زیر پا تہي
جو گرد اوسکي قدم سي اوٹہي
بلند ہو کر بنی ہي بادل

۴۱

نکلکي بخشش کي قافلہ سي
گري جو وہ حزب جاہلونسي
سیاہي ایسي اوڑي دلونسي
کہ روز روشن ہو لیل الیل

۴۲

جو کہینچي وہ تیغ آتش افشان
تو برق ہو جائي دڑکي پنہان
عدو کا مجمع ہو یون پریشان
ہوا سي پہٹجاي جیسي بادل

۴۳

ہي تیغ اوسکي فناي اعدا
رکہي نہ روز و غائي اعدا
قلم کري دست و پائي اعدا
کہ جسطرح کاٹتي ہیں جنگل

۴۴

هلال تاب و هلال پیکر
ظفر هي جس شعلہ خوکا جوهر
نیام نصرت هي ٹیک اوپر
شجرسي جسطرح لپٹي بکل

۴۵

یہ سانپ هي مرگ آسماني
کہ جسکا کاٹا نہ ماگي پاني
یہہ دفع کرتي هي سرگراني
لگا کي خون جبین کا صندل

۴۶

وہ سر پہ آجائي جیسي آفت
وہ گھر کري دلمین جیسي حسرت
رگونمین دوڑي لہوکي صورت
سمائي انکہونمین جیسي کاجل

۴۷

دهوان وہ بهردماغ اعدا
وہ چشم بد بین مین خاک صحرا
گلوي بد گو مین هي وہ سرما
مذاق بد خواہ مین وہ حنظل

۴۸

حباب کو هي وه موج دريا
چراغ کو هي وه باد صحرا
سري هستي مبين وه اندهيرا
وه شابراد عدم مين مشعل

۴۹

وه بخت کي واسطي هي گردش
وه بدر کي واسطي هي کاهش
وه حق مبين سيماب کي هي آتش
سيد کي واسطي هي مشتعل

۵۰

ترقيون پرهي وصف اسکا
شجر مين اتنا نمو نهوگا *
جو دلسي نکلا بهي مختصرا
زبان پر هو گيا مطول

۵۱

بني هراک رکن مصرع تر *
هو ايک مصرع قصيده بالهکر
قصيده هو جائي ايک دفتر
جو مدح والا لکهون مفصل

## TRANSLATION.

1. Green are the woods. In all directions the ground for miles is spread with emerald velvet. Where is the wine-bearer? Where is his flask?

2. Musk and ambergris flow from out neighbouring gardens, and spread abroad, and scent the air. Clouds rise over the hills, and melt themselves in showers, and all the lakes brim over.

3. Every garden flower smiles. It is universal Spring. Autumn has fled, and the clouds are pale.

4. Nature produces all kinds of fruit. The trees travail with fruit. Strong cliffs are bent under the weight of myriads of crimson tulips.

5. So green are the gardens that the Sun and Moon reflect that colour! Flowers, under the dark sky, rise up like flames shooting up under black smoke!

6. All the flowers are in full bloom. Every bud has split into blossom. Did I write further, my pen itself would burst forth into bloom!

7. As there was no power which could interfere, nor block the way, so the clouds have come down

into the spicy gardens holding the skirts of the flying breeze!

8. Now are assembled warbling nightingales; here now is spikenard; here roses smile in rows, with pomegranates and spices.

9. The nightingale is smitten with the charms of the narcissus, whose flower-eyes are tinctured with antimony. The rival lily has also brightened her eyes.

10. India is turned into a garden. She is visited by the flower of England, the glorious Prince Albert. He has the firmament for his throne, and the sun for his torch!

11. The Prince of Wales is the asylum of the world, the Lord of Time, has the stars for his army and the sky for his tent. He is the king of kings. He is truly Alexander the Great. Heaven is his mirror.

12. He has long eyelashes and curls, with scimitar-shaped body and eyebrows; possesses the talons and wings of an eagle, and is awe-inspiring like a lion.

13. He is a Lord living in the palace of the sky which is a bower, the blossoms in which are his extreme politeness and affability. He is a gracious

cloud, a stream from which the water of life is drunk.

14. Should he frown, the clouds would rain fire; should he smile, even the hard horn-branches of the swift-footed antelope would blossom and bud!

15. When dark-skinned men bow down before him at the threshold of his door, their blackness of complexion vanishes, or is only concentrated in their eyes like antimony!

16. Should he pass by, the dark specks on a tulip would vanish. When he walks under the trees, all of them grow fragrant as sandal-wood!

17. When his anger blazes up, the lightning is terrified and extinguished. Should he issue his divine orders, instead of the grindstone grinding the mustard-seed, the miraculous opposite would be the result.

18. Were he to exercise his powers of reasoning, Aristotle himself would be bewildered!

19. His presence renders the sun-clad heaven dark in comparison with the reception-rooms enlightened by his radiant presence. . . .

21–28. The shining moon cannot compare with his forehead. . . . His visage is like the dawn.

His heralds are justice, politeness, affection, and good tidings of success and prosperity. His elephants are as huge as rocky Sinai, and pass by more swiftly than the eye, very sweet, but shorter still, of the meeting of parted lovers. . . . He is the brightest day; all else is darkest night.

29. Clouds pass swiftly the moon. If his intellect had not harrowed them they would have fled more swift, as if the predicate Major had passed to the subject Minor—there being no consequence of the first figure. . . .

31. Now that the Prince has come, no flower complains of the flower-gatherer; the bird is not afraid of the fowler's net; and the candle is in love with its snuffers.

32. The sorrowful are cured of their sorrow. The suffering are relieved. No more are the doors of heaven locked, for all men have got a key to the opening of their desire!

33. There is no longer any ill-omen in the new-moon of the third day, for it is now turned into a source of continual happiness. There is now no more arrogance and revolt, but politeness and due submission rule the day.

34–36. Never before in olden times was there such ease, rest, and prosperity. . . . The gloomy nights of oppression have passed away. . . He saturates the whole world with his favour better than clouds do with rain.

37–45. He is more learned than Plato. He is as generous as the Black Sea! The dust under his feet rises up as he walks, and transforms itself in the sky, so that it becomes a cloud of gracious rain. He bears a fire-emitting and flame-flashing scimitar!

46–53. His sword is the most wonderful thing that can possibly be conceived. It is a deadly snake, which stings the brain of a foe! It has the power of waves and storms. It is a brand in the hand of an incendiary. A syllable would expand into a full verse of poetry, and a verse into a full poem, if I wrote fitly my eulogium on the Prince of Wales!!!

THE

# PRINCE OF WALES'

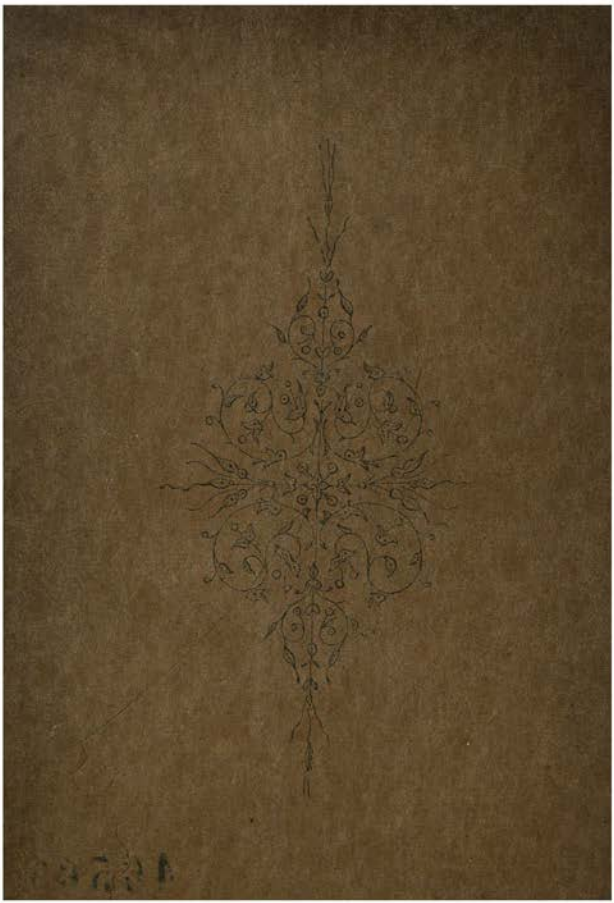
## VISIT TO INDIA.

BY

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. TICKELL.

ST. PHILIP'S LODGE, CHELTENHAM.

46569



# POEM.

Queen of the East! Across thy lowering skies
Behold thy Sun in new-born glory rise!
Before his beams thy war-clouds melt away,
And breaks the dawning of a calmer day.
Now, lapped in peace, muse o'er thy History's page,
Recall the strife of each heroic age;
What lusty Conquerors sought thee in their pride,
How roughly wooed thee, or how grandly died;
Since first young Egypt, in his eagle flight,
Swooped on thy shores,—but fled the unequal fight;
And left, to tell thy prowess and his shame,
A mouldering Pillar, and a *doubtful name*.[1]
In vain Assyria sighs to rule thy land,—
No sceptre suited to a woman's hand;—
She comes in *Queenly*[2] *pride* to mount thy throne,
But flies in terror to protect her own.
Great Cyrus hurls his war-tide on thy coast,
But backward ebbs the Persians' broken host.

[1] The Egyptians no doubt were the first invaders of India, and mouldering Pillars of Egyptian building are to be found, but it is doubtful whether Sesostris, otherwise called Sesoosis, or Rameses was the builder.

[2] Semiramis, the great Queen of Assyria, was the next invader of India.

Still Indus rolls unconquered to the Sea,
*Fabled*[1] *Hydaspes* waits his commerce free.
But still thy glorious battle-fields must know
A sterner struggle and a nobler Foe;
Phœnician Tyre falls prostrate to his tread,
And conquered Egypt bows her haughty head;
Submissive Nations pave the Victor's way,
And new-born cities mark his longer stay;
Though bridged Indus may not check his path,
Nor *Princely*[2] *Porus* stand his Phalanx' wrath;
Cheer thee, fair Queen! nor fear *Secunder's*[3] power,
Not he the man, not this thy destined hour!
Still Affghan Chiefs shall burst their snowy chains,
To reap the plunder of thy sunny plains,
Shall place their Princes on thy *Peacock*[4] *throne*,
And make thy Gods subservient to their own;
Shall seize thy *plundered*[5] *Temples'* Gems, to shine
With alien splendour in a mountain shrine;

---

[1] "Fabulous Hydaspes," the river Jhelum, was the scene of contest between Alexander the Great and Porus the Indian Prince.

[2] When Porus, after his defeat, was brought before Alexander the Great, and asked how he expected to be treated, his reply was, "Like a Prince."

[3] Secunder is the native name for, or corruption of, Alexander.

[4] The Peacock Throne at Delhi, taken and occupied by the several northern invaders.

[5] The grand old Hindoo Temple of Somnath was plundered by the Affghans, and the gates of the Temple recovered and brought back to India, by British troops, under Lord Ellenborough's rule.

But yet no Affghan Chief, in Moslem pride,
May hope to rape thee for his Sabine Bride.
Lo! Thy Lords come to woo from other lands,
With Love and Peace for weapons in their hands!
Bold *Merchant Princes*, Warrior Traders these!
Borne on strange vessels o'er thy untrodden Seas.
Seek ye to know their parentage and clime?
Go search the annals of primæval Time.
When the dried Deluge wrote on Virgin page
Baptismal record of an infant age;
And the three Fathers of a new-born race
Stept from the Ark, diverging paths to trace.
While the young Nomad Tribes were borne away,
To distant lands to hold divided sway,
Thou dwelt in peace; one bright and sunny clime
Cradled thy birth, and smiled upon thy prime,
Reared thee in beauty, never more to roam,
Thy earliest birthplace still thy latest home.
These thy pale Cousins not so softly fared,
Who rougher life and northern climate dared,
Bidding untrodden wilds and ice-bound soil
Yield hard-won tribute to their sturdy toil.
Diversely cultured grew each perfect race,
Thou in soft beauty, he in manlier grace;

[1] The East India Company.

While slowly passes, o'er earth's mighty stage,
In varying pageant, many a fretful age;
New nations rise and wield a short-lived sway,
An hour of pride, then crumble to decay;
Still from their ruins Empires take their birth;
Still crumbling Empires cumber all the Earth.
Long these bold Norsemen, from their sea-girt home,
View the far strife; but lo! their hour is come!
They burst the limits which their Island bind,
And roam the world, by limits unconfined.
Earth's thousand wave-washed Coasts to them are free,
Lords of one Island and of every Sea!
Their Cities rise upon thy palm-clad strand,
Their commerce flows with blessings o'er the land;
And there united mingle once again
Those Tribes, which parted on the Deluge-plain.
A *hundred*[1] *years* thy softer Sons obey
Rebellious oft, the Northern Traders' sway,
Then, all unused plebeian rule to own,
Claim England's Empress for the Merchant's throne.
Now, India, close thy troublous history's page,
And hail the opening of thy Triumph-age!

[1] Just one hundred years elapsed from the battle of Plassey, which may be considered the beginning, to the Indian Mutiny, which caused the end, of the government of the East India Company.

See, where thy Fleet in flag-deck'd gala rides,
In simpler garb one Vessel landward glides!
Yet never mightier Embassage before
Or War, or commerce, wafted to thy Shore—
Thy destined Lord, thy Prince, appears at last,
Pride of thy future, *prayer-gift*[1] of thy past!
Softly he takes thee, not in Conqueror's pride,
Courteous as Lover to a willing Bride,
Takes thee from envious worlds, the fairest Gem
That ever shone on royal Diadem!
One lightning flash the glorious news imparts,
From shore to mountain, o'er thy utmost parts;
A thousand Cannon instantaneous roar,
A myriad voices echo from the shore!
Thine ancient Chivalry, in gorgeous host,
With rival splendour deck th' expectant coast;
Thy haughtiest Chieftains humble tribute bring,
In proud submission, to their common King:
No crown he bears, but well thy Nobles trace
A Kingly presence in his courtly grace;
No useless Guards the unarmed Prince attend,
His trust shall shield him, and thy Love defend!

[1] It is believed by many that the natives of India attribute the Prince's recovery from sickness to the powerful influence of their prayers.

Now, India, take thy Prince with loving hand,
Show him the wondrous glories of thy land:
Thy Caves, whose birth Man's memory may not trace,
Thy Giant Cities of a byegone race;
Thy Hindoo Temples in primæval stone;
Young Krishnu's Loves, old Brahm's ancient throne.
Show where thy new and purer creed appeared,
And Moslem conquerors chaster Temples reared,
Where their proud *self-named*[1] *Cities* deck thy land,
Their minaret spires in graceful beauty stand;
On Jumna's bank, where *Akbar's*[2] *Fane* of pride
Weeps in eternal marble o'er his Bride.
Show where Himálya rears his snowy crest,
And thy soft Capuas nestle on his breast.
In jungle-depths, where thy wild Tigers play,
Bring for his pastime fiercest Beasts to bay;
The Wild Boar's charge, the Tiger's deadly spring,
To him a sportsman's thrill of joy shall bring.
In Queenly style thou'lt play the Hostess' part,
And charm thy Prince and all his nation's heart;
But when at last, the joyous visit done,
With kindlier hearts thy homeward guests are gone,

[1] The Mahomedan Emperors gave their own name to the chief cities in India, *e.g.* Shahgehanabad to Delhi; Akbarabad to Agra.

[2] The Taj at Agra, built by Akbar in memory of his wife.

Shall they alone a grateful memory know?
To thee no blessings from the visit flow?
Ah, not for this did England steel her heart,
And bid her Prince, her favourite Son, depart:
His trembling Life to nobler end was spared,
When science faltered, and when Love despaired:
When every creed and every language prayed,
And pitying Heaven the uplifted blow delayed.
Now his fond mission, love and peace to teach,
And knit two nations closer, each to each;
To bid thy chieftains all the blessings own
Of loyal Love,—to servile hearts unknown—
The Love which binds the Peasant and the Lord,
Makes subjects happy, and their King adored:
Which fears no foe, rebellion cannot harm,
England's old bulwark, Freedom's brightest charm.
Then learn from him, for well the art he knows,
By kindly kingcraft to subdue thy foes;
So shall thy future reign in glory prove
The sure foundation of a nation's love;
When, far from England's gently guiding hand,
Thou'rt left untrammelled Empress of thy land;
Then shalt thou learn, by culture more refined,
To wield the mightier empire of the mind.
Say not thine old-time Sages all are dead,
And Eastern Wisdom from her birth-place fled;

But leave thine ancient Vedas and compel
A newer Science all her arts to tell;
How Printer's skill the Tomb's dark Veil defies,
And fleeting Beauty—art-limned—never dies;
What art may soothe a bleeding country's pain,
Make her dead Patriots smile on her again,
Catch the bright fancies of each classic Race,
And all their charms in plastic marble trace.
Subdue great Steam, slave of a toiling age,
Whom labour tires not, and who asks no wage;
Make the caged Lightning servile to thy spell,
Thy lightest thoughts o'er distant worlds to tell;
Where silent labour makes arts' secrets known,
Crown the pale student, make his fame thine own.
Where'er is heard the clang of Slavery's chain,
The Tyrant's lash, the Captive's cry of pain,
There hasten, swift to punish; strong to save,
Subdue the Tyrant, and release the Slave.
So shalt thou please thy loving Prince the best!
So shall his visit evermore be blest!

15th *January*, 1876.

# SUPPLEMENT.

# UNDER THE CROWN

OR

## GRAND DURBAR OF THE FLOWER FAIRIES.

By Favonius.

In the Land of palms, in the Land of neems,
Of towering mountains and lordly streams,
Of world-old temples, grim and grey,
Where swart-visaged votaries bend and pray;
In the Land around which, by day and by night,
The rollers thunder, and breakers are white;
In the land of the lotus, the elephant-land,
India most lovely, India most grand,
Loved by the sun, and the soft blue sky,
Loved by the gods who dwell on high,
And gaze, enrapt, on its dark-eyed maids,
Its birds, its flowers, and its white cascades;
In this sweet and sunny Land, in a dell
Girdled by flood and encircled by fell,
In a forest deep that no eye hath seen,
Holdeth her Court—Tangerina the Queen.

For it happeneth thus. Of nature it is,
That the soul and the source and the centre of bliss
Is Fragrance. Yet Fragrance, whole and supreme,
Hath more subdivisions than mortals deem.

Wise is he who her great presence allows.
Her tree universal hath many boughs.
The air, in like manner, is one: yet we know
That myriad myriad winds do blow.
The sun is one, yet forth from him streams
How many a shower of bright sunbeams:
So Fragrance is one, but hath many daughters,
Who people the skies, and the lands, and the waters.
Spirits unseen by the mortal eye,
That flit, and float, and flutter, and fly.
Live in the leaves and the flowers and the fruit,
Beautiful beings, though viewless and mute.
Airy, and chaste, and loving, and light,
Bright by the day, and sweet by the night,
Ever the same, in every clime,
Whomever they meet, at whatever a time.—
You pass by a jasmine, a lily, a rose,
Pause an instant! Straightway thereon you flows,
A subtle, etherial scent! She is there!
The sweet Flower Fairy, ineffably fair!
Beside you she moves, and breathes, and sighs,
And bends on your face her celestial eyes,
And mayhap kisses you! Pass on then,
Loved of the Fay, the happiest of men!
Believe in faith, though the Sprite was unseen,
And duly revere—TANGERINA THE QUEEN.

She holdeth her court in yon Indian bower,
She hath called the spirits of every flower,
Of every herb, fruit, leaf, and tree,
To come to her presence right instantly.
The whole round world hears the sound of the spell,
And all the scent spirits hie to yon dell;
From all the four quarters they hasten and run,
From lands of the snow, and from lands of the sun,
From lonely isles of Pacific seas,
From the blue Azores, or the Cyclades,
American prairie and Bornean plain,
Or the frozen breast of the Arctic main,
Cathayan shores, or where bright skies smile
On the face of Africa's ancient Nile,—
Ay, 'tis from the Nile-bank that sweet and serene
She cometh herself—TANGERINA THE QUEEN.

She hath come! She is here! Winsome and dear,
And myriad Fairies her radiance revere,
Her Royal Speech is breathed, if not heard,
For some waft of perfume forms every word.
The moon smiles down on the palms above,
The orient nightingale warbles for love,
The leaves all tremble with joy, the flowers
Listen, deep hid in their shadowy bowers,
The firefly lights up his lamp in the trees,
And with sighs of ecstasy dies the breeze;—

Even the sward seems to grow more green,
'Neath her fairy feet—TANGERINA THE QUEEN.

But who are these Fairies who meet this hour,
Spirits of Scents, in this Indian bower?
Fairer than all, save her peerless Queen,
Ravishing "*Tanglewood*" here may be seen.
Sweet "*Stephanotis*" this night hath met
Superb "*Ylang-Ylang*" and "*Violette*"
(Violette, blue-eyed fairy, whose smile
Gladdens each spring old England's isle).
Hither hastes "*Sandal Wood*," Orient maid;
Nor has Araby's "*Musk*" her advent delayed.
"*Mathiola*" comes, refulgent and gay,
With darling, delicious "*New Mown Hay*."
"*Wild Flowers of India*," splendid and sweet,
With a sister-scent in "*Meadow Queen*" meet.
Lo! here comes elate, and blithe as the morn,
The beautiful "*Bloom*" of the white "*Hawthorn*."
Hither comes "*White Rose*" comely and coy,
Hither comes "*Maréchale*" blushing with joy;
"*Moss Rose*" and "*Damask Rose*" linking their arms
With "*Jockey Club*," maid of imperial charms;
And "*Butterfly Orchis*," youthful and gay,
Approaches with "*Jasmine*" and "*Ess. Bouquet*."
These are a few of the Scent Fairies seen
Adorning her court—TANGERINA THE QUEEN.

The Durbar was opened: in vale and on hill
The winds paused to listen, and all was still.

"Liege friends!" thus spake TANGERINA the Great,
"Who hither have sped to swell our state,
Give ear. For ours is a purpose high,—
The fruition of all our hopes draws nigh.
The fulness of time hath come at length,
Let us grasp a future of Glory and Strength!
Shall mountains or seas the Flower Fairies sever?
Come, let us be *One*, for ever and ever!
Not scattered in frigid, or torrid zone,
O'er land and o'er water by wild winds blown,
Let us be ONE. To this end we've invited
All here. O let our realm be united!
O puissant Perfumes, wherever ye be,
On howling desert, or smiling lea,
Hear the stern voice of your Queen who cries,—
'Henceforth be ye ONE under all the skies!'
Ye doubtless have heard in your travel through air
That the Prince of Wales, Great Britain's heir,
Is come to this land of beauty and bloom,
Of golden birds, and of rich perfume.
Ye have heard, on the wings of each jubilant wind,
Of the welcome of Ind to the Heir of Ind.
Enough! This moment propitious to greet,
I have summoned you all in our presence to meet.

That my Royal wish I might freely declare—
That for ever henceforth ONE name ye bear.
United in bonds of a union divine,
Henceforth we shall place ourselves *under one sign*:
'Under the Crown!' shall now be our cry,
In garden and dell, 'neath every sky;
We own no mistress but one. 'Tis she,
Queen of the Isle of the Kings of the Sea!
To no one save Her shall my sceptre bow down,
I doff my crown, to be 'UNDER THE CROWN!'
I have spoken:—Obey!" Thus, grandly serene,
Solemnly spake—TANGERINA THE QUEEN.

She ceased; and anon each reverent Fay,
O'er palm-tree and banyan, flitted away.
And o'er moor and down, and mountain brown,
Was heard the soft echo "UNDER THE CROWN!"
And the moon grew pale, and the stars grew white,
And sadly the firefly quenched his light,
And the wind moaned softly, and flowers bent low,
And from leaves of the myrtle dew-tears did flow,
As TANGERINA, with all her suite,
Darted away on airy feet
To distant London's Imperial town,
Only singing—"UNDER THE CROWN!!!"

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